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THE THREE FORKS OF THE MISSOURI.

When Lewis and Clarke had advanced up the Missouri with their expedition, in 1805, to the place where the river divides into three forks, they were uncertain which should be called the main stream, the three affluents being of so nearly equal volume, so they decided that each should be given a name of its own. The western fork they named from President Jefferson, the middle fork from James Madison, then Secretary of State, and the eastern fork from Albert Gallatin, the Secretary of the Treasury. Having thus honored the three chief officers of the government, they poled their canoes up the western branch, seeking its source in the Rocky Mountains. Later explorations have shown that the Jefferson is really the main river, and that it should properly be called the Missouri clear up to its source; but it is not practicable now to alter the name, and the Missouri will always be shown on the maps as beginning at the Three Forks.

The view in our engraving is from a photograph by Haynes, taken from a high bluff just below the confluence of the three streams. The Jefferson and the Madison join a short distance farther up, and into their united flood comes the Gallatin, a little below the foreground of the picture. The snow-clad mountains on the horizon are one of the ranges of the Rockies. The valleys of the three streams are fertile and beautiful, and are occupied by farmers and herders. There are few views in picturesque Montana more beautiful than that of the Three Forks, and none of greater historic interest. On their return trip from the mouth of the Columbia, Lewis and Clarke separated at this place, Captain Lewis going down the Missouri and Captain Clarke, with a portion of the expedition, ascending the Gallatin and crossing the Belt Mountains to the Yellowstone, which he followed to its junction with the Missouri. There the two commanders joined their forces for the voyage down to St. Louis.

THE *Fargo Argus* makes up a list of new buildings erected in that city since the first of January, which shows over \$500,000 in improvements, and does not include many residences which have been erected all over the city. The exhibit, for a year of hard times, is one of which Fargo can well be proud. Next year the wide-awake metropolis of the fertile Red River Valley will do still better. We shall be disappointed if the census of 1890 does not show 25,000 people in Fargo and Moorhead.

MARCUS WHITMAN'S RIDE.

How the Great Northwest was Snatched from the Clutches of the Hudson Bay Company.

In 1836, Dr. Marcus Whitman and his partner, Spaulding, with their wives, went to Oregon under the auspices of the American Board. It was a bridal tour, begun in May and ended at the gates of Fort Walla Walla in September. A curious feature of the trip was an old wagon, known in history as "Whitman's wagon." He was determined to get it through to demonstrate the feasibility of emigration. The Hudson Bay Company discouraged every roll of its old wheels and threw every obstacle in the way. It was dismembered, dragged by pieces, ingloriously dwindled to the dimensions of a cart, but, through

moment, and in two hours pulled up his foam-flecked pony at his cabin door, made known the English plot before dismounting and his determination to set out for Washington and return the next summer with a caravan of emigrants. None could dissuade him; he must go; the Webster-Ashburton treaty was pending; the Oregon question must be settled before Congress adjourned on the 4th of March; Oregon must be saved!

In less than twenty-four hours he was in the saddle, galloping for "Washington and Webster." Home and wife behind him, winter and 4,000 miles before him! With Amos L. Lovejoy for a guide, he bounded over the trail, through Fort Hall, whose jealous commandant would have been glad to have detained him had he not shown a "pass" from

Lewis Cass, Secretary of War. The mountains are passed, but winter is setting in, and has already frozen the river's too rapid current. Impassable? Not to the doctor and his errand of life or death to Oregon! He rides his horse to the edge, and then horse and rider are pushed into the angry current,—out of sight. There they are, floating far down to the other side. A jump to the ice; good fire and dry clothes again. Lost in the snow; wandering; freezing; dying; almost buried; hope entirely gone; every avenue of escape cut off,—saved by a mule's ear! His Mexican rider noticed some peculiar twitchings and movements of the auricular appendages, as if their owner was cogitating a scheme.

In a little while the animal, left to himself, led them to the slumbering embers of their morning fire.

Precious time lost! Seven days to Fort Wintee for another guide; an extra ride for Whitman! To avoid hostile Indians he makes a sharp deflection to the south at Fort Hall, to go by Salt Lake and thence to Bent's Fort, on the Arkansas, and follow up the Santa Fe trail. Here he is at a branch of the Arkansas: material for fire only on the other side; thin ice; rapid current. Whitman lays flat on his back, "wiggles" himself across, secures wood and pushes it back over the thin ice.

Bent's Fort! half way! three months in the saddle! his companion broken down and left; new outfit. After resting four days the wiry doctor takes the spur again and scatters rumors of an immense emigration to Oregon! "Meet us at Wesport, on the Missouri, next June!—good wagon-road!" As he came flying up the trail he distributed circulars, setting forth the advantages and resources of the wonderful El Dorado. "Next June we will meet



THE THREE FORKS OF THE MISSOURI—GALLATIN, MADISON AND JEFFERSON.

the indomitable will of its owner, it kept rolling toward the Pacific.

Prior to 1842 the United States and England were in joint occupation of the Oregon region.

It was generally understood that the country would be English or American, according to the tide of emigration. One day in October, 1842, Dr. Whitman was called on a professional errand to Fort Walla Walla, twenty-five miles from his home. It was a trading-post of the Hudson Bay Company, and was quite jubilant just at this time over the annual line of goods. Tables were spread for the feast, at which the doctor found himself a solitary American. The festivities were at flood-tide, when an express courier rushed into the fort and shouted that an English colony of 140 persons was on its way up the Columbia. In the excitement of the moment a young Englishman jumped to his feet and exclaimed:

"Hurrah for Oregon! America is too late; we have got the country!"

The doctor excused himself at the earliest possible

you!" In such enthusiasm he arrived in St. Louis. Though nipped in his nose, toes, hands and face, he could talk of but one business,—the fate of Oregon. "Westport next June!" "Is the country passable?" "Passable," we can imagine him replying,— "look at me; I have come through in the dead of winter!" One look would have forever impressed upon memory. Buffalo overcoat and head, buckskin breeches, fur undergarments and vest, fur leggings, boot moccasins, face scarred with the bitter frosts. "Meet us in June!"—and he is off for Washington, where he arrives March 3, the last day of the session, and just five months from the day when he spurred down the valley from Fort Walla Walla.

But what of the treaty? It had been signed and proclaimed as the law of the land two months before he had set out, and ratified while he was lost in the mountains. Four thousand miles, and Oregon left out! Will this weather-beaten, frost-bitten man have galloped to Washington for nothing? Not he. He rides through Washington about as he had done over the mountains and up the southern trail. "Early in June you will meet me!" From department to department, to the White House—everywhere—rumors are flying fast of a great Oregon emigration. President and secretaries become infected with his enthusiasm. The British premier proposed to hold Oregon for English emigrants. If Marcus Whitman could get his emigrants there, Daniel Webster proposed likewise to stand by them.

No "meet" for a chase was ever called which had in it such magnetic charm as that June "meet" on the banks of the Missouri. Whitman was there, overseeing, organizing, electrifying. People were gathering from the north, east and south. One man came from Texas, having received one of Whitman's flying circulars at home. The last wagon was packed and the canvas stretched over the great hoops. What a proud moment it must have been for the doctor to have seen 200 wagons wheel into line, with 875 emigrants and 1,300 cattle headed for the distant "half mythical" Oregon!

No train ever had more elements of strength; none a better commander. The government deputized Captain John C. Fremont, with several companies, as an escort. The vigorous doctor preceded his escort by forty-nine days! After his gallant ride of 4,000 miles he felt safe enough with his company, though more than half of them were women and children.

Again the sound of horse-hoofs are breaking upon the ear of an affectionate and solicitous wife, and Marcus Whitman is riding from the shadows of the Cascade Mountains and is soon in her arms,—three months from the Missouri and eleven from the day when he took stirrup for "Washington and Webster,"—and Oregon. "There followed him into that splendid valley, in little companies and in long, weary file, jaded and battered, and mended after mountain style, 200 emigrant wagons. They emptied their families here and there, women and children; and scattered all about were cattle and dogs, while lank backwoodsmen, with the inevitable rifle, lounged and strolled. And they continued to arrive even after the light snows of the country had come. It was the army of occupation for Oregon!"

The question was settled. Oregon was saved, and in three years made the subject of a satisfactory treaty. But alas for her savior and his noble wife! November 29, 1847,—the saddest page of Oregon's history,—about two years after the treaty, they were cruelly murdered by the Indians.

The editor of the Tower City (D. T.) *Herald* seems to be a b-a-d man. He says in his last issue: "The chap who stole the black bird dog, with spike tail, from the very doorstep of our residence, is hereby urgently invited to return the same, as the dog is the property of a man who throws a bad eye along the barrel of a 38-caliber dissolver and who will shoot quicker than he will saw wood. We articulate to the dog gone cus-tomer, does he hear us?"

GO WEST, YOUNG WOMAN!

Correspondence of The Northwest.

PRAIRIE ROSE FARM, McLEAN CO., DAK., }
October 8, 1884.

Years ago, when this country was a vast wilderness inhabited by the Indian and buffalo, Horace Greeley, the great and good, advised young men to "go West," and these words have been echoed and re-echoed in the ears of the average young man until he has either gone or become deadened to the sound and sense of the phrase. Our colleges and universities, our schools of law and medicine, which yearly grind out applicants for fame and fortune, after a brief synopsis of the cares and responsibilities of their future and some advice as to their moral and physical culture, invariably wind up with the oracle of the sage, "Go West, young man, and grow up with the country."

The Western press, railroad companies, land agents, and townsites owners send out an ardent invitation to the young men who are wearing out their lives as clerks, book-keepers, etc., who are working at a nominal salary in close rooms, on crowded, narrow streets, to come West, take a quarter section, breathe the free air of heaven, and, instead of paying rent to the avaricious landlord, live in your own home.

To the mechanics who have learned their trades, but are still plodding on in mills, machine shops, and foundries, with hundreds of others—no chance of promotion or improvement—come where your skilled labor is needed and appreciated. To those men who are investing their savings in unreliable savings banks, in loans and shaky real estate—come where you may invest your savings in land which is as sure to increase in value as the sparks are to fly upward. To the young farmer who is ambitious of having a farm of his own, but knows it to be an Herculean task to pay for one—he lives on a rented farm from year to year, never gets anything ahead—come West where land is at once the cheapest and best, take a farm, go to work; your ambition is gratified, your success assured.

Every new town has its wants in the way of a doctor, a lawyer, an editor, teachers, etc. There are houses to be built, so she needs carpenters and masons, painters and glaziers. She must have a butcher and a baker. She must have groceries and dry goods, hardware and crockery. And then every new county has a lot of offices lying around carelessly waiting to be filled. While in the States every office has a dozen men born to fill it, here every man may have a dozen offices if he is so inclined. Now we admit the facts and admire the enthusiasm of the savants, boomers, and well-wishers of young men. But let us inquire: why don't they ask the girls out? Haven't the girls who are wearing out their lives in close, unhealthy rooms as clerks, accountants, etc., as good a right to a quarter section and the free air of heaven as the boys? Will their lungs endure the poisonous vapors and noxious gases of our crowded cities better? Can the girls who work in factories and mills live better on nominal wages than the young men? And those who clerk in shops and run sewing machines for a mere pittance, whose only home is the attic of some tenement house, whose meals are taken at some cheap restaurant, the only luxuries they can indulge in are a few cheap colored ribbons and some bits of lace, do they not need a home? Are there not the same openings, the same needs of women in this fair land as men?

We are uncertain as to the exact meridian which forms the boundary line between the East and West. Sometimes we think there is a scheme on hand to get all the young men of spirit and ambition on this side of that line, where the air is pure and bracing, where nature puts forth every inducement and allurements to insure happy, healthy, enjoyable life, and to leave the girls with the loafers all on the other side to die off with stagnation and miasma. Now perhaps we have made a discovery. Likely the best way to thwart such a nefarious design is for the girls to come West without counsel or invitation.

You are needed here as cooks, housemaids, seamstresses, milliners, teachers in schools, as clerks and book-keepers in our stores and business houses. And then there is a great missionary work to be done here. Not coming under the head of any classified work, either home or foreign, we are at a loss just where to place it—perhaps alongside of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The facts are these: There are a lot of bipeds belonging to the genus "homo," bachelors, between the ages of twenty-five and one hundred, who have for years sewed on their own buttons, done their cooking, laundrying and general housekeeping; all of which has had a tendency to sour their tempers, wrinkle their brows, and combined with their shaggy locks and unkempt beards, they have that look and manner of "don't-careativeness" that is indicative of a relapse into savagery. We are told that some of them snap, snarl and grind their teeth at the mere sight of one of our sex. Now this is certainly a sad state of affairs, for, besides being disagreeable, they are really a danger to the community at large. If there are any young ladies in the East who are brave enough to aid us in this great work, we ask your co-operation at once. Our plan is to get near enough to these individuals (perhaps to corral them) to let them know we mean them no harm, and then administer taffy, very small doses at first, increasing the size according to the patient; some will not need so much as others. By this treatment, with proper nursing and care, we have no doubt but that the aforesaid bipeds may be prevailed upon to go through a little ceremony, after which our way will be perfectly clear. We feel assured that, if this plan is properly carried out, the bachelor, like the Indian, buffalo and horse-thief, will be a thing of the past—a myth with which in the long winter evenings of the future we may amuse our children.

We hope this article may fall into the hands of those schemers, so they may see the fallacy of their design and drop it; that hereafter the girls will be included in their invitations, and that we may all enjoy, in this "Garden of the Gods," certain inalienable rights, among which are "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." SARAH PRIMROSE.

LUMBERING ON PUGET SOUND.—To show the prodigious stride made in the manufacture of lumber on the sound during the last few years, the following is produced to show the work of one mill: The Port Blakely Mill Company employs 450 men, chiefly in the logging camps, 200 head of work oxen and 20 mules. One of these camps puts 40,000 feet of logs into the water daily. The company loaded just 100 vessels in 1883, with cargoes aggregating 49,189,784 feet of lumber. Twenty-eight vessels were loaded during the first four months of the current year. There were shipped also 4,423 piles, 622 spars, 700,368,000 laths, 94,254 pickets and 200,700,000 shingles. The daily capacity of the mill is 275,000 feet. The largest day's work was 283,000 feet in a run of 11½ hours. The company owns two steamers and six sailing vessels, and has a large store, with a stock of goods worth \$25,000.—*Snohomish Eye.*

A CONTINENTAL BACKBONE RAILROAD.—A railway extending southward from Miles City would prove to be a great boon to this section of the great and growing West. It would prove to be a great inlet and outlet for our rapidly developing cattle interest, to say nothing of the lasting advantage it would be to the general traveling public. A road of the kind appears to be an assured thing of the near future, if the statement of a Wyoming contemporary is to be relied upon as correct. A road traversing the continent from north to south is one of the imperative necessities of the times; fully as much so as a line of rails from ocean to ocean. A line ought to intersect at this point with the Northern Pacific and continue on to Cheyenne where a connection can be made with the Central to Denver, thence to the Crescent City by the Denver & New Orleans Road. Thus can a line bring us in close connection with the cities of the Lower Mississippi River and those of the Gulf of Mexico.—*Miles City (Montana) Journal.*

ADVENTURE WITH A HUGE BUFFALO.

I had singled out as my meat an old bull with long, highly polished horns and the most magnificent mane that has ever come under my notice. I determined to have that head, and to carry it East with me as a trophy. To single the brute from the herd and to plant a bullet from my revolver in his shoulder was an easy task, when aided by such a horse as mine. The remainder of the herd thundered off to the West with companions in full chase, and away toward the East went my wounded buffalo, with me a good second, sending a pill into his side whenever he swerved enough to give me a chance at his heart. Suddenly the idea seemed to enter his cranium that he was flying in a direct line from his friends, and he wheeled about and charged me, his magnificent head cocked sidewise ready to toss my mustang, his nostrils and eyes blood-red, and the foam flying from his mouth. When the buffalo swerved my nag made a noble leap out of his course and landed with his off foreleg in a marmot's hole, bringing him to his knees, snapping the bone of his leg off like a stalk of straw and sending me headlong to the ground, right in the path of the wounded bull. I was somewhat shaken up and could not think clearly, but my eyes were wide open, and the approaching danger seemed like a weight on all my faculties, benumbing me so that I could not move so much as an eyelid, and thus increasing the horror of the situation. The bull came on, his hoofs rattling on the hard prairie like the bones of the end man in a minstrel show. His hot breath came full in my mouth and nostrils, leaving a bad taste on my tongue for the remainder of the day. One of his horns caught on the collar of my hunting shirt, tearing it away, and then his hind hoof grazed my temple.

He was as glad to escape as I was myself, and careered over the prairie after the herd at a three-minute gait, while I arose and planted a merciful bullet from my revolver in the brain of my doomed mustang.

One day of this sort of thing is worth a year's dawdling about at the seashore in a seersucker coat to a man who is not practically unsexed.—*Idaho correspondence of the Cincinnati Enquirer.*

FUEL FROM STRAW AND TURF.

From a Letter in the Sanborn (Dakota) Enterprise.

I now return to my plan for supplying every armer in Dakota with abundance of fuel from his own farm, and in this manner indirectly increase his wealth. In the first place this can be done by cutting turf, pure and simple, without any admixture, in long narrow sods, as is done in Ireland, wherever the black sod is of sufficient depth, as in sloughs, to admit of it. In the second place, where this cannot be done for want of depth in the black mold, or for the want of sufficient moisture in it to cause the required adhesion of the loose particles, hand turf, such as is made in Ireland, could be made in the manner I have described, by mixing it well at first in a large box, such as is used to make mortar, and forming the sods from the hand. But the crowning mode is to get a chaff cutter, cut up all the wheat straw into chaff, mix with the black mold, which can be shoveled off into a wagon from the surface of the farm, then draw to the farm premises, mix with the cut chaff, in large or small quantities according to requirement, and wet with water. Form the whole into a mortar and mold with the hands into convenient sods; lay them flat on the ground for a few days, then make into small shocks, and from this into a

stack or rick when sufficiently dry. Two weeks will do all this and the Dakota farmer will have the cheapest fuel in all the continent of America, or in the world. I have spoken on this matter to

as the towns in Dakota would be supplied with cheap fuel. It would also help to settle the Territory, as the dearthness of fuel is one of the chief hindrances to it. It would also keep the people here through the winter, as the want of sufficient fuel in a climate from twenty to forty degrees below zero in winter, when the length of the winter is taken into account, causes many who would be desirous of settling in the Territory to go away. This cannot be anything else than injurious to the best and highest interests of the Territory. This programme would give employment to large numbers of people. It would largely contribute to the wealth of the Territory by so doing; keep money constantly moving round and round and vastly increase the population to the no small advantage of business men of every class and kind. It would also encourage agriculture, the growth of other crops besides wheat and prevent the destruction of immense piles of straw. Utilize them in an unprecedent manner, and so carry out into practice the words of Christ our Lord who said, "Gather up the fragments that remain that nothing be lost." It is almost impossible for me to say how much prosperity would be the result of what I have advocated in this letter. It would afford facilities for cooking potatoes and turnips to any extent for the feeding of pigs and cattle, which would materially in like manner tend to add to local prosperity.

WESTERN SLANG.

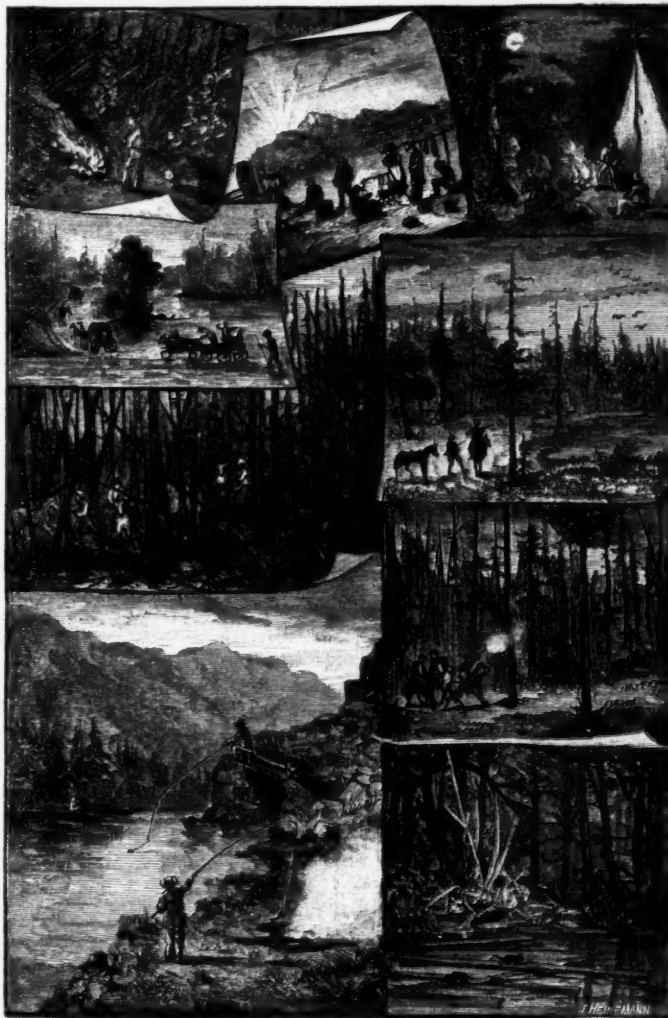
The genuine Westerner is as prolific in the use of slang as Oliver Twist. The common expression of acquiescence is, "you bet." The term is also used to answer in the affirmative a question put. To be beaten, circumvented, overreached or distanced in any way, is to "get left." To succeed in any undertaking, or to make a hit, the exhibition of any remarkable qualifications is, to "get there." To take advantage of opportunities, or to ally oneself in undertakings of any sort, is to "catch on." To find out any new thing, to clear up a mystery or concealment, is to "get onto." A man who makes permanent settlement, or substantial improvements, is referred to as one who has "come to stay." Business activity, growth and extension of trade or manufactures of a town are always referred to as a "boom." A good thing of any kind is referred to as a "bonanza." Every energetic, active and efficient man is a "rustler." The word "kick" is probably used more than any other and serves a variety of purposes. If one objects, he "kicks." If he criticise, no matter how fairly, he "kicks." If he point out any defects in the plans or statements of another, he "kicks." If he does any of these things more than once he is a "kicker." He must acquiesce always in what is said or done or else he is a "kicker," and a "kicker" is almost despised no matter how conscientious he may be or how much wisdom there is in his objections.

LA MOURE COUNTY CROPS.—Captain H. T. Elliott has marketed 10,000 bushels of wheat this fall, and only two loads of the entire amount graded under No. 1 hard. This is the best record ever made in Dakota, excepting, possibly, the great Dalrymple farms.

Polka brothers of Verona report having raised over 100 bushels of oats from seventy pounds of seed.

Mr. G. K. Loring has the finest yield of potatoes so far reported. He raised the variety known as the Mammoth Pearl. Many of the potatoes are over two pounds in weight and some go as high as three pounds. He got a yield of seventy-two bushels from one bushel of seed.

Ed. Dwyer reports a yield of twenty-seven bushels of wheat to the acre on his farm two miles north of LaMoure. His grain is all No. 1 hard and as fine a lot as has ever been brought to this market. Captain H. T. Elliott has raised five acres of splendid yellow corn this season. The yield is about eighty-five bushels per acre.—*La Moure (Dakota) Chronicle.*



SCENES FROM CAMP LIFE IN MONTANA.

Mr. Shannon, a subscriber to the *Sanborn Enterprise*, who believes in its feasibility, especially with chaff, and who has declared that he will give it a trial.



A DAY'S SPORT IN MINNESOTA.

This anyone can do on a small scale by chaffing with a sharp knife a little straw, making the mixture as I have described, and so prove the thing feasible or not. This, if successful, would be a very solid industry,

The Way of the Rain.

A. D. T. WHITNEY.

I heard an old farmer talk one day,
Telling his listeners how
In the wide new country far away
The rainfall follows the plow.

"As fast as they break it up, you see,
And turn the heart to the sun,
As they open the furrows deep and free,
And the tillage is begun,

"The earth grows mellow, and more and more
It holds and sends to the sky
A moisture it never had before,
When its face was hard and dry.

"And so, wherever the plowshares run,
The clouds run overhead,
And the soil that works and lets in the sun
With water is always fed."

wonder if the old farmer knew
The half of his simple word
Or guessed the message that, heavenly true,
Within it was hidden and heard?

It fell on my ear by chance that day,
But the gladness lingers now,
To think it is always God's dear way
That the rainfall follows the plow.

THE YOUNG EMIGRANTS.

A Story of Frontier Life in Dakota.

[WRITTEN FOR THE NORTHWEST.]

Will and Mary Russell were at a loss to know how to face the world when their mother died. The poor lady had been an invalid for many years and the property her husband left when he died ten years before had been steadily slipping away to pay doctor's bills, family expenses, and journeys to the South in winter, undertaken to prolong her life. Their home was in a pleasant, shady village in Central New York. Both the young people had graduated in the high school of the place, and were refined, intelligent and ambitious, like most young folks of good parentage and good "bringing up" in American country towns. Neither was afraid of work. Will had helped out the growing deficiency in the household exchequer by acting as junior clerk in a store, where he stood behind the counter after having swept out and set things to rights, from seven in the morning till eight at night, for the munificent sum of seven dollars a week. Mary had already taught two terms in a country school house, to reach which she walked nearly two miles in all weather. She was nineteen when the mother passed away, and her brother was a year and a half her elder. Their home had to be sold to pay the mother's debts soon after her funeral, and when the estate was settled there was found to be only about five hundred dollars left to divide between them. One night in February, two years ago, they held a long council together about their future. They were strongly attached to each other and loth to break up their home and separate.

"I suppose I can keep on in the store," said Will, "and after two or three years more of hard work I may have my salary raised to ten dollars; but we can't afford to keep this place and pay the two hundred and fifty dollars rent they ask for it. Anyhow, there's not much of an outlook for me. It takes capital to go into business for oneself, and I haven't got it."

"If I could get a position as teacher in the village schools," said Mary, reflectively, "but that's out of the question, for there's no vacancy, and the superintendent told me there were ten applicants ahead of me. By teaching a district school two terms in the year, and sewing the rest of the time, I could just almost earn my board and clothes. I tell you, Will, a girl has no chance in life."

They talked until most midnight without being able to open the gate of hope to any future that looked promising. Then there was a long silence, broken by Mary suddenly exclaiming: "Will, I have it; let's go West!"

"What for?" replied the brother, doubtfully.

"Why, to get land. I read in the *Weekly Tribune*

to-day that young women can get government land just as well as men. We'll each get a farm."

The girl was not usually enthusiastic, but she jumped up and clapped her hands. Will confessed that he did not know anything about the West except what he had read in newspaper paragraphs, and had heard from a friend who had a brother in Dakota. "Anyhow, Sis," he said, "it's worth thinking about."

They were not obliged to give up their house until the first of April, but by the first of March they had made up their minds. They got hold of several magazine articles that told about the West, and obtained a number of pamphlets published for free distribution by railroad companies that had lands to sell or wanted to attract settlers to the regions where they had built new roads. These latter documents were written in a high-flown enthusiastic style, and the sagacious Mary said she did not believe in them because they only told one side of the story. "There are always drawbacks, you know, Will," she said, "but these pamphlets try to make you think there's an earthly Paradise out on those Western prairies." She placed more confidence in a letter from Will's friend's brother—his name was Roberts—which was printed in the village paper, and told all about the climate and the looks of the country and how the new settlers were getting on. It was this letter and some private correspondence they had with the writer that decided them to go to Dakota.

An auction sale of their furniture added about two hundred dollars to their stock of money. Only a few things were reserved from the sale—the mother's rocking chair, which Mary said she could not bear to part with—some pictures and books, bed clothes for two beds, a carpet that could be rolled up compactly and a barrel of dishes packed in straw. Will said it cost too much to ship furniture two thousand miles. Besides, he had a knack with carpenter tools and could make bedsteads, chairs and tables from pine boards, if they were too dear to buy. He filled a stout box with tools—an axe, a hatchet, two saws, two planes, an auger and some other things. They got off one day late in March, and pretty nearly all the young people in the village appeared to be at the depot to see them start, a kindly demonstration that touched the hearts of the travelers. Will's employer gave him a pair of thick, gray blankets, saying, "You'll need them, my boy; I'm told it's terribly cold out there, and that the blizzards will almost take a man's hair off." Mary's class in the Sunday school presented her with a Big bible and a photograph album containing all their pictures. Will had a locket on his watch chain which Mary had never seen before, and which she suspected held a portrait of a certain young lady, the mention of whose name, she had observed of late, caused her brother to blush.

They journeyed day and night. Will, who had once been as far away from home as Buffalo, and regarded himself as quite a traveling man, said it was cheaper to stay on the cars and pay for sleeping berths than to stop over at hotels. They had three hours between trains at Chicago, however, and improved the time in walking about the city, wondering at the many tall, handsome buildings, the crowds of people wherever they went, and the street cars that went without horses, drawn by wire cables hidden below the pavements. Most of all, however, the great, blue lake, across which they could see no land, delighted them.

Beyond Chicago, the people in the cars were quite sociable. Many were going West, too, and our young travelers found that the heroism which had attached to their adventure when they started had quite vanished, now that they met so many others who were bound on the same quest for new homes as themselves. Some were going to Minnesota, some to Manitoba, some to Dakota, and there was one man in a fur cap who said he had a cattle ranch on the Sun River in Montana, and expected to ride six hundred miles on a Cayuse pony from the end of the railroad to reach his home. At St. Paul they saw the broad,

brown current of the Mississippi River, which ran close to the Union Depot, where they got breakfast and changed cars. Mary said it was no wonder it ran so fast since it had nearly three thousand miles to go to get to the sea and was naturally in a hurry. Will was disappointed in the Falls of St. Anthony, at Minneapolis, half an hour's ride beyond St. Paul. He said they did not look at all like the picture in the geography he studied at school, and were nothing but a big mill dam. A man in the seat in front turned around and said, "that's a fact, sir; the whole falls have been turned into a dam, and the river now turns the machinery of all these big flour mills. They make flour enough here to feed all the people in New York City."

It was late at night of the third day, after leaving their old home, that our young travelers left the cars at a town nearly five hundred miles west of St. Paul. A man with a lantern piloted them to a hotel not far from the station. They were surprised to find no evidences of frontier rudeness in their neat little bedrooms. In the hotel parlor there was a new ingrain carpet and a good piano. In the big stove some sort of fuel they never saw before was burning, brown in color, and looking more like dirt than coal. It was lignite, the cheap fuel of the far Western plains. They were up early in the morning and made haste to scan the strange landscape. Great billowy sweeps of grassy land stretched away on all side to the horizon, quite treeless, save for a fringe of cottonwoods along the little river which ran close by the town; and dotted at long intervals on the plains were the little houses of the settlers. These houses did not look small, however, for there was some quality in the atmosphere which magnified them, so that a one-story cabin five miles away loomed up like some great mansion, and the half-dismantled straw stacks suggested ruined castles to Mary's imagination. There were patches of snow in the hollows of the hills.

At the breakfast table, where they had antelope steaks, the people were quite sociable. A big man with a bushy beard asked Will if he was a drummer, and when he learned that the young man was not in the commercial traveler line, but was looking for a homestead claim, he became very cordial and said that the old residents like himself were always glad to welcome people who came to help "build up the country." Will asked him how long he had lived in Dakota. "Over two years," the man replied. Mary could not help feeling amused at the airs of old residence he gave himself on what seemed to her a small foundation. At the same table were a man and wife with five children, who were from Iowa and had also come to "take up land." Will observed that he thought Iowa was a new country as well as Dakota. "So it was when I emigrated there from Ohio going on fifteen years ago; but it's too old for me now. I did tolerably well there, though; sold out my homestead for twenty dollars an acre and calculate to get just as good a one here for nothing."

Will asked for the landlord, and found that the good-looking young man at the desk, whom he had taken for a clerk, was the proprietor of the establishment. This gentleman interested himself in the new-comers with genuine kindness. He introduced Will to half a dozen citizens, one of whom made a business of helping intending settlers to hunt up land. All the talk in the hotel office was about "homesteads," "pre-emptions," "tree-claims" and "town lots," and there were many expressions used which Will did not understand. For instance, when a man in a buffalo overcoat said that he was "holding down a pre-emption on the Pipestone," Will did not readily comprehend that he was living on a pre-emption claim of one hundred and sixty acres on Pipestone Creek, in order to buy it from the government after six months. Another man mystified him by the statement that he had "sold his timber culture for a hundred dollars without doing a stroke on it except to pay fourteen dollars for the land office filing." Will soon learned that anybody could take up

a quarter section of treeless land and get a patent for it after seven years, by cultivating ten acres in trees, and that men took such claims without any intentions of setting out trees, for the purpose of holding them for a year or two, and then giving them up to someone to homestead or pre-empt for a consideration.

The brother and sister walked about the town. All the buildings were of wood except a brick bank, and all looked new. The people seemed to be in a hurry, walking with quick, elastic steps, as though full of business. Mary noticed that there were two churches and a school house, and Will's eye caught the long rows of brightly painted wagons, plows, drills and reapers arrayed in the open air near the railroad station.

The land hunter offered his services and his team to help Will find a good claim. He was full of practical advice. "You had better homestead two quarter sections," he said, "one for your sister and one for yourself. Then build your house right across the line, so that she'll sleep on her quarter and you on yours. There can't nobody bother you with an interference on that arrangement. Then you and she can clap a timber culture filing on the two adjoining quarters. In that way you can get a whole section."

"How many acres will that be?" asked Will.

"Six hundred and forty."

Will thought that would be taking a pretty big slice, remembering that a farm of a hundred acres was thought a good sized one in Central New York.

"Take all you can get, young man," said the land hunter, "and don't you forget one thing—you're not out here for your health."

It was agreed that they should start next morning, and that Mary should be left at the hotel. The land hunter, whose name was John Nicholson, appeared at an early hour with a team of shaggy bays and a long-gear spring wagon, in the ample box of which lay a huge roll of buffalo skins and blankets, a couple of lariot ropes, a bag of grain, a piece of canvas and a chest.

"What's all this equipment for?" asked Will.

"Reckon he never laid out on the prairie," said Nicholson, glancing at Mary, who stood by the wagon rather down-hearted at the prospect of being left among strangers. "You see we're going on a picnic. That's the grub-stake in that chest. The big roll is the bedding. Them ropes are to picket the horses with, and that bit of canvas is to tie around the wagon wheels to keep the wind off. I've seen many a worse bed room, Miss, than the ground under a wagon, with a canvass stretched on the windward side."

Mary watched the wagon until it disappeared, and then managed to fight off the feeling of loneliness by writing a dozen letters to aunts, cousins and school friends and taking a long walk out on the windy prairie where the purple crocuses were just beginning to show above the brown turf. The evening, which she had dreaded, proved to be interesting and almost gay, for the guests of the hotel gathered in the parlor and compared notes as to their former homes and acquaintances and told anecdotes. They all seemed to be nice, refined people. After awhile

they persuaded Mary to sing. Finally, at eleven o'clock, the party broke up after all had joined in "Home, sweet home." And so ended the first chapter in the experiences of our homeseekers. Mary fell asleep that night thinking what a dreadful time poor Will must be having under that wagon, on the cold ground. Will, meanwhile, was "sleeping like a woodchuck," curled up in a pile of blankets and buffalo robes.

(To be continued.)

BYE-BYE BOUNDING BUFFALO.

From the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

During a recent warm day a reporter strolled into a wholesale fur dealer's on Fourth Street to solace himself with a view of the hairy integuments which suggested winter's cooling blasts. A large pile of bison robes (vulgate, 'buffler hides) attracted his gaze, and to him the proprietor said:

"Better buy one and frame it, my boy."

"Frame it?"

"Yes, in about five years from now they'll be as scarce as silver fox skins, and five times as useful."

"Why, what was the catch this year?"

and as the buffalo happened to be south of the line and within reaching distance of the Missouri and transportation, the output was very large. Thousands upon thousands were killed whose hides were never removed, and of the thousands, a large majority furnished only a few pounds of tenderloin to the rapacious riflemen. We've been talking for years about the time when the buffalo would be practically extinct. Now that time has come and it's too late for protective laws. Such laws could not have been enforced against the Indians, but they might have been against the white hide-hunters and the rich sportsmen, who were the most wanton death dealers of the lot."

"Can they be bred to domestic cattle?"

"Oh, yes, readily enough. But the hybrid, while good enough for meat, is not of much use for robes. It's a pity there wasn't a law enacted a decade or two ago making it a penal offense for a white man to even shoot at a buffalo. The Indians are not so ruthless in their destruction as has been claimed, and besides, when they get a robe and tan it, it is worth something. The robes tanned in the East or by whites anywhere are incomparably inferior to those known to the trade as Indian-tanned. The reds take

a lot of pains and seem to have a method which, while it leaves the hide pliable, leaves it of sufficient thickness and strength to hold the hair and withstand the rough usage all robes must expect to undergo."

"I should be inclined to believe, from your remarks, that buffalo overcoats will be worth a good deal a few years from now."

"A good deal? Well, if you call \$100 to \$150 a 'good deal,' I agree with you. Seriously there must be a substitute found for them, since I am not exaggerating an iota as to scarcity."

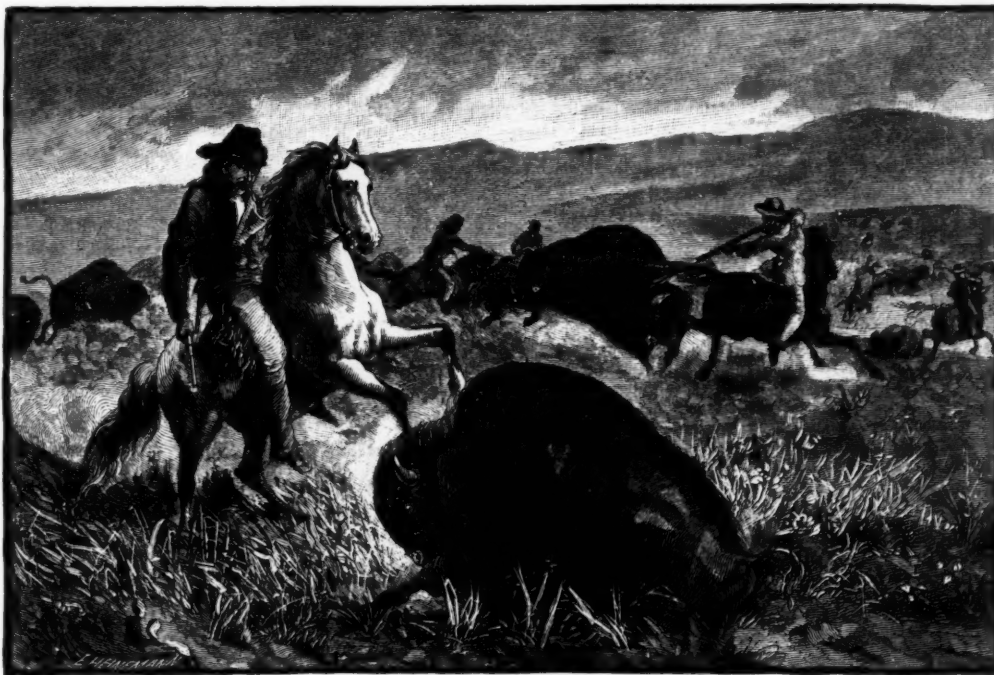
"What will take the place of the buffalo robes?"

"China and Japan dogs and goats, native wolves, coon skins and

the like, principally the two first mentioned. We import thousands of them now, and the annual increase in the trade is marvelous. They are purely substitutes, how ever; for they are neither as warm nor as lasting."

Solacing himself with the reflection, "If John the Baptist wore sheep skins and goat skins, why shouldn't we?" the reporter left the smell of dried integuments and curled capillaries, and resumed his sun bath.

NOVEL IRRIGATION.—A novel method of irrigation is shortly to be tried at Great Falls for the purpose of irrigating the bench lands in that vicinity. It is the intention to introduce a Jumbo pump below the Rainbow Falls, which will be operated by a turbine wheel. It is claimed that any amount of water can be raised to any height. The power to operate the wheel is unlimited, and when in operation a body of water like a small river will be available for irrigating purposes. The experiment of the Jumbo pump, we believe, has never been tried in the Territory, but in other portions of the country it has been used with great success. We believe this will be found to be the best method for irrigating ever tried in this section, and the projectors of the enterprise are sanguine that it will perform all that is claimed for it.—Benton (Montana) River Press.



A BUFFALO HUNT.

"Four."

"Four what? Thousand?"

"No, sir; plain four, 'figure'-atively speaking. In other words, there wasn't any catch this year, and our firm corralled six out of the 10,000 of the catch of 1883."

"Do you mean to tell me that the buffalo have disappeared from the face of Dakota and Montana earth?"

"Practically, yes; and from all other earth in the Northwest as well. The remnants of the big band, numbering probably a few thousand, are somewhere north of the international line; no one seems to know clearly where, but probably in the remote vicinity of Woody Mountain. There are a few on the Upper Moreau, and still fewer on the plains between the James River and the Missouri and about the forty-sixth parallel. An old bull was recently driven into Fort Meade, along with a lot of domestic cattle, by the cowboys. He looked like the last of his race, and if he has any fellows they can't be found."

"What did you use to call a big yearly catch?"

"Well, in the year after the Northern Pacific was opened through to the Little Missouri, 1881 I think it was, Northwestern traders got in about 100,000 robes. You see the railway let in the hide-hunters,

FRESH FACTS FROM THE CŒUR D'ALENES.

The Hon. Wm. H. Claggett, formerly delegate in congress from Montana, has written to the *Portland Oregonian* the following interesting letter, setting forth the present situation in the Cœur d'Alene gold field:

In response to your request for information as to the condition of affairs in the Cœur d'Alene mining region at this time, I beg leave to say it has been the fate of this region of country to have been misrepresented and misunderstood more than any mining region of which I have any knowledge. The reasons for this are various. When I went there last January, with the exception of the Widow claim, absolutely nothing was known of the richness or extent of the mines. Notwithstanding this fact, a stampede was begun and several thousand men rushed into the country when the snow was from three to six feet deep, and it was universally reported, before there were any developments whatever, that the mines were of fabulous richness and extent. During the entire winter and early spring absolutely nothing was done in the way of mining. There was not a road nor a trail in the country. The people deemed themselves fortunate if they were able to find shelter from the weather and food to eat. There were no mining supplies of any kind. Until the middle of May there was not a pound of steel nor powder, a bushel of charcoal, nor a blacksmith's forge in the camp, and it was exceedingly difficult to obtain even a pick or shovel. The snow did not disappear and the water run down until the middle of June. Prospecting began for the first time in the early part of May. This prospecting disclosed (when it should be opened, paying ground over a large portion of Pritchard Gulch and on a large number of its tributaries. Before the claims on these tributaries could be opened for work the water supply from the melting of the snow failed, and the high water in the main gulch discouraged, if it did not wholly prevent, any systematic attempt to open the claims. Then, just when everybody was getting ready to work, the entire camp found itself involved in litigation. Suits were begun in the district court to recover possession of nearly every claim in the camp. This litigation absolutely paralyzed development down to the 6th day of August, when the court adjourned. The result of the trials was to leave the claims in the hands of those who were called the "jumpers," and, for the purposes of development, the 6th day of August last was the beginning of the life of the camp. Everything of any consequence in the shape of placer mining has been done since that date, which makes the camp at this time, to all practical intents and purposes, less than two months old. There being no water in the tributaries with which to mine, the development has been confined to the main gulch, commencing about two miles above Eagle and running up the gulch a distance of about seven miles. The gulch itself is more like a mountain basin than anything else. It is from 40 to 120 rods wide, and on the north sides having a general parallel course with it, there are several old river beds or channels having a vertical elevation above the gulch of from 75 to 300 feet, through which intersecting ravines have cut, and the main gulch is mostly supplied with gold washed down from those old river beds. This "old wash," as it is commonly called, has been traced for a distance of thirty miles. Thousands of acres of it have been located. In the absence of water to work it, it has thus far been only slightly prospected by shafts and tunnels, the miners waiting for someone with sufficient capital to bring water upon the hills.

Messrs. Walsh and Hubbell, old and experienced placer miners from California, are now digging a ditch for this purpose, and, when this and other ditches are completed, the Cœur d'Alene region will be an eye-opener to those who imagine that there is nothing there. Men are now packing gravel in sacks from the sides of the mountain upon their backs to water, and

making from \$25 to \$50 per week. When a sufficient number of mining ditches shall be dug the whole aspect of things will be changed. The water, being taken from the main gulch, will enable the gulch miners to work to better advantage. Troubled as they are with a superfluity of water, hydraulicing the hill ground will make available the immense resources of wealth which it contains, while the muddy water, turned back into the main gulch, will puddle the bed of Pritchard Creek, so that the gulch claims can be successfully opened in the deep ground. Three or four days before leaving home I went over the entire camp where mining has been carried on, and found that less than four acres of bedrock had been cleaned up, all told. This shows a yield of over \$40,000 to the acre. The present output of gold is not less than 1,000 nor more than 1,500 ounces of dust per week. Several of the claim-owners ship their dust directly to Helena, and my estimate is based upon my knowledge as to what these claims yield, the quantity of dust purchased weekly by the banks and taken in by a few of the merchants. It is a mistake to suppose that Pritchard Gulch comprises the entire gold field. On Trail Gulch several claims are opened and are proven to be rich, while there is as much to show that Beaver Creek is rich, as Pritchard Gulch itself showed last spring. There are two great wants to be supplied: First, a number of mining ditches to carry water upon the old wash, and, second, a practicable wagon-road into the mines, over which mining machinery may be hauled and coaches travel. It seems strange to me that the people of Portland have not taken steps before this to build a good road from Kingston to Hummel's Landing, and make an organized effort to secure the trade and business of that region of country. The cost of such a road would be small, while the benefits accruing to this city from this trade would hereafter be simply enormous. It must be remembered that the Cœur d'Alene mining region is not a new camp, but a new gold field. The indications are unmistakable that it will be a wealthy mining region for twenty years to come. At present its business communications are almost wholly with Montana, by way of Thompson Falls. The day of fuss and feathers is past in the mines. Large numbers of men who floated in last spring, expecting to do a large business on a very small capital, have left the camp, and the era of development has fairly begun. If the Portland people wait until the country is fully developed before making any organized effort to secure its trade, there will be small chance of their ever thereafter securing it. There is already a good trail and an excuse for a wagon-road to Thompson Falls, and the entire business of the country will soon go to Montana unless a practicable wagon-road is opened from Kingston to Hummel's Landing.

THE PIE.

A friend who was recently traveling by stage coach over a California road told me an anecdote concerning the driver which rather amused me. These chariot-eers, by the way, are peculiar people. I make it a point whenever I go anywhere by stage coach to get the box seat and commune with the driver—when I can. Sometimes he will not commune. My friend, Viator, found it so. The driver was dumb as an oyster. There was even a tinge of contempt in his monosyllabic stoppers to conversation. At last a station was reached where, as the Jehu tersely informed his passengers, they were to "rattle with their hash." They got off and "rassled." Viator was heavily thrown. When the first course was removed the neat-handed Phyllis who generally officiates at wayside eating-houses, came to Viator, whisked some crumbs on his lap and some gravy on his coat collar, and remarked:

"Pieorpudden?" "Pie," said Viator, meekly. The pie was brought. It was confected of dried apples incased with horn. Viator excited the neat-handed Phyllis' amused contempt by calling for a fork. The remainder of the guests pried open the pie with a knife. As Viator was toying with this sudden-death viand, he noticed the driver regarding him with interest. After the meal the journey was resumed, and to Viator's surprise he found the driver completely changed. He had unbent. He was quite affable and communicative. Before the next station was reached they were fast friends. "Tell me," said Viator at last, "what is the reason you were so indisposed to converse with me at first: You must have had some prejudice against me." "Wall, ye see," replied the driver, flicking a fly with great precision from the nigh swing horse's ear, "at first, ye see, I thought you was a preacher, but when I see you give that high-toned touch on your pie I knowed you were a gambler.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*"

Farmer Jones Talks.

J. B. ADAMS, IN BISMARCK TRIBUNE.

Come out on the porch here, Mirandy, an' set in the evenin' breeze,
That sighs so low an' so solemn, through the tops o' the green leafy trees,*
That murmurs so sweet and so softly through the branches that wave to and fro,
Like the musical whispers o' fairies at play in the evenin's glow.
Sit here with your work an' look over our broad wavin' acres o' grain,
All sparklin' like sea o' pure diamonds jest after the bounteous rain—
It seems to be noddin' and bowin' its thanks to the Maker above,
For sendin' the cool, crystal showers from out o' His bountiful love.

Ain't the picter a fair one, Mirandy, spread out like a great sea o' gold,
Like a leaf from a fairy recital in the wonderful stories of old,
An' the thought through my mind keeps a dartin' as I gaze at the acres so broad,
That in comin' out to Dakota our footsteps were guided by God,
I think that each step of our pathway a finger divine pointed out,
Like Bethlehem's star in the heavens showed the wise men the God-chosen route,
An' we ort to be grateful an' thankful to the Master fur leadin' the way
To a land of contentment and plenty—from night into glorious day.

How we struggled and toiled in Ohio for many and many a year,
The gaunt wolf o' want never reached us, but he ofte came powerful near,
Our rough, rocky farm, jest sufficient to putty up poverty's cracks—
Jest enough for our clothes an' our victuals an' to settle the annual tax.
I worked in the fields like a nigger; you toiled in the house like a slave,
A fingerin' contrivin', and plannin' how to keep our heads top o' the wave,
Not savin' a cent from our earnin's, not storin' a penny away,
The poverty gloom hangin' o'er us, not pierced by one hope-givin' ray.

That night when I read in the paper 'bout homes bel'n' givin' away:
'Bout the broad smillin' acres of prairie that out towards the settin' sun lay,
How the poorest o' God's mortal critters could take up a homestead o' land,
As fair an' as rich an' as han'some as breezes o' heaven e'er fanned,
You looked rather queer an' distrustful, an' said that you reckoned as how
We war gittin' too old to be thinkin' o' changin' our residence now.
But I guess you'll give in now, Mirandy, that in our discussion that night,
The views the old man leveled at you were jest about proper an' right.

I know that to leave our old homestead ripped the stitchin' in both of our hearts,
An' the thought that we left it forever, pierced our souls jest like keen cuttin' darts;
I'll never forgit the expression that covered your tear-baptized face,
When the wagon rolled over the hilltop, shuttin' off the last sight o' the place;
An' my heart felt as big as a pumpkin, and a lump war wedged in my throat,
An' the heavy, dead weight in my bosom war a bearin'-down burden to tote,
But the unconcerned laughs o' the children, an' William's encouraging words
Seemed to fall on our sorrowful feelin's as soft as the songs o' the birds.

On the great land o' promise afore us we hopefully then fixed our eyes,
An' as we jogged over Dakota, each mile brought another surprise;
The broad, outstretched, verdant prairies, all clothed in their beautiful green,
Formed the grandest and loveliest picter, our fast-aging eyes had e'er seen,
An' when you arrived here, Mirandy, you clapped your old hands in your glee,
An' said that right here on this hillock our home for the future should be.
An' here we erected our homestead an' filed on an eighty o' land,
That I wouldn't dispose of fur double the ransom a king might command.

An' right over thar is Will's eighty, adjoinin' the east side o' mine,
An' fully as fruitful an' handsome, and in every respect jest as fine.
He's married, contented an' happy, an' fast gittin' money ahead,
An' he'll manage this farm for the children when their father and mother are dead.
If we'd kep' him back thar in Ohio fur all of his natural life,
He wouldn't 'a gained enough riches to think o' supportin' a wife.
An' aside from our own sakes, for his'n I feel like a praisin' the Lord
That the piece I read in the paper, cut us loose from the East like a sword.

Well, it's bedtime, old wife, an' to-morrow, the harvest machines 'll begin
To work in the wheat, an' we'll have to git up jest as soon as we kin;
Light the lamp an' git down the old Bible, have the children all git in their chairs,
An' we'll wind up the day's exercises with our usual family prayers.
An' I think when I send my petition right up to the throne o' the Lord,
He won't think it strange if I happen to humbly edge in jest a word
Of praise an' thanksgivin' unto Him, fur guidin' us out to this land—
Where peace an' contentment an' plenty are seen upon every hand.

*Though the Dakota prairie is treeless, most of the river bottoms are more or less wooded.

LEADING MEN OF THE NORTHWEST.

HON. W. D. WASHBURN, OF MINNEAPOLIS.

WILLIAM DREW WASHBURN, a native of Livermore, Androscoggin County, State of Maine, was born on the 14th of January, 1831; the son of Israel Washburn and Martha B., nee Benjamin. He is a member of the widely-known Washburn family, whose history is so intimately associated with the political history of our country, and whose first representative in America came from England in the Mayflower. His paternal grandfather was a soldier in the revolutionary war, while his maternal grandfather was a lieutenant, and during that struggle served under Washington the greater part of the time, and was with him at Yorktown at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis.

The father of our subject was the sixth son, and eldest born, in direct line, who bore the name of Israel. He was a farmer by occupation. The Benjamin family, of which his mother was a member, came originally from Scotland, and early settled in the State of Maine, where it is widely known.

William lived at home until he was twenty years old, working on the farm during summers and attending school during the winters. After leaving the district school he attended Gorman Academy; later he studied one term at South Paris, and finally completed his preparatory studies at Farmington Academy. In 1851 he entered Bowdoin College, and graduated in 1854. While pursuing his studies in college he was almost entirely dependent upon his own efforts, and defrayed his expenses by teaching winters and working during vacations. During one vacation he was clerk of the House of Representatives, under General Cullom.

Having decided to enter the legal profession, Mr. Washburn spent the year and a half following his graduation from college with his brother Israel, at Orono, Maine, in the study of law; later completed his studies at Bangor, under the Hon. John A. Peters, and was admitted to the bar in the spring of 1857.

Availing himself of the opportunities which the then growing West offered to young men of enterprise, he removed to his present home, Minneapolis, and at once established himself in the practice of law.

In the fall of 1857 he was appointed agent of the Minneapolis Mill Company, a corporation under the chief control of Governor C. C. Washburn, of Wisconsin; during the following four years attended to the duties of his appointment, in connection with his law business. He afterward became more directly interested in the business of this company, and at the present time (1884) is a part owner and director of the same.

In 1861, having been commissioned by President Lincoln Surveyor General of Minnesota, Mr. Washburn removed to St. Paul. Four years later, at the close of his term of office, he built a large sawmill at Minneapolis, and engaged in the lumber trade, which has ever since continued, in a great measure, to engage his attention.

A man of diversified attainments, fine executive powers, and untiring enterprise, he has been satisfied to confine his energies to no single line of business, but instead has been and is now a leader and moving spirit in various public and private enterprises. In 1870 he was the chief mover in projecting and constructing the Minneapolis & Saint Louis Railroad, the success of which is largely due to his energy and skill. Upon the organization of the company, he became its Vice President; in 1875 he became President, which office he held until the spring of 1882, at which time he disposed of most of his interest in the road, but still remains a director and a member of

the executive committee; he is also a director of the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha Railway Company; is President and the chief promoter of the Minneapolis, Sault Ste Marie & Atlantic Railway Company, a company recently organized to construct a railroad from Minneapolis to Sault Ste Marie, there to connect with other lines through Canada, forming a short great trunk line from the Northwest to New York and New England; he is also President of the Minneapolis & Pacific Railway Company, lately organized for the purpose of constructing a railroad from Minneapolis to the west line of the State. Mr. Washburn has, besides, been interested in other railroad enterprises, and at one time was a director of the Sioux City Railroad.

In 1872 he built at Anoka the finest lumber mill in the State, and later he built a thousand barrel flouring mill at the same place, which was lately destroyed by fire. In the following year he, with others, built the Palisade Flouring Mills, at Minneapolis. He is President of the Washburn Mill Company, a heavy manufacturing firm in the lumber and flour business, both at Anoka and Minneapolis, and owners of the above mentioned mills. He is also a

ever, was not disposed to investigate the matter, and it was allowed to drop.

In his political views he has always been a Republican, and in all questions and matters touching the interests of the people, takes a deep and active interest.

On the 5th of November, 1878, he was elected by 3,000 majority to represent the Third District in the National Congress. This district embraced Minneapolis and St. Paul and the entire northern portion of the State, making it the most important in Minnesota. In 1880 he was re-elected to Congress by about 13,000 majority. In 1882 he was again elected to Congress by a majority of 2,500, his district having been changed so as to greatly reduce the Republican vote therein. In 1884 he absolutely declined a re-nomination and election.

In religious belief he is a Universalist, but cheerfully allows to others who may differ from him the enjoyment of that freedom of thought and liberality of sentiment which he claims for himself. In church matters, as in everything else, he is esteemed as a liberal, generous, "broad-gauge" man. He is also a member of the Masonic fraternity.

Mr. Washburn was married on the 19th of April, 1859, to Miss Lizzie L. Muzzy, daughter of the Hon. Franklin Muzzy, of Bangor, Maine. Of eight children that have been born to them four sons and two daughters are now living.

Such, in brief, is an outline of the life history of one who, by his own business energy, integrity, and force of character, has risen to a place of honor and esteem. Upright in all his dealings with his fellow-men, he has won the unbounded confidence and respect of all with whom he has had to do, while his frank, generous, and gentlemanly deportment has drawn around him many true and devoted friends.

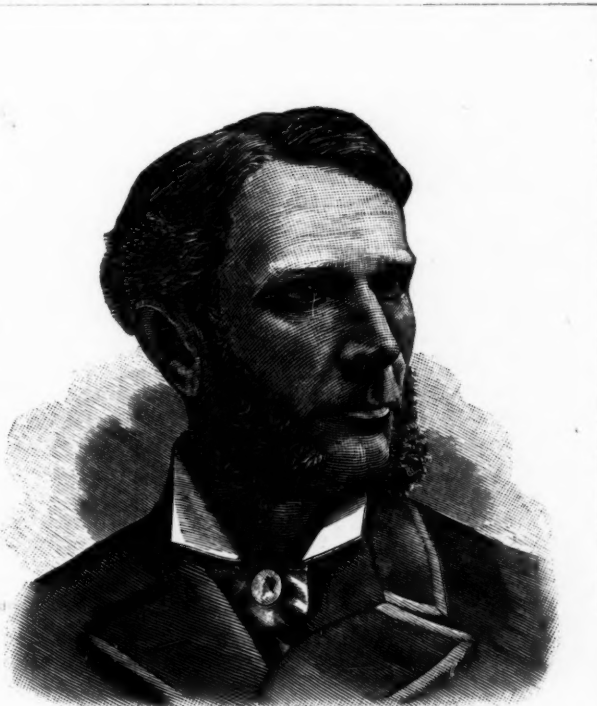
Mr. Washburn lives in the enjoyment of an ample fortune, surrounded by the comforts and pleasures of a happy home, and is a fair example of that success which is the result of true, conscientious, and persevering effort.

GOOD BEEF ALWAYS PAYS.

The whirligig of fate sometimes serves all men more or less shabbily. Over production stops the wheels of the mills, the spindles of the factory and puts out the fires in the furnace. Over production stores the granaries and elevators to overflowing with wheat and corn, that brings less in the market than it costs. But over production, under consumption, business stagnation and financial demoralization have never reduced the price of good beef cattle so low

that there was no profit in growing and fattening them. And good, golden butter, with the sweet fragrance of the meadow grasses, has never failed to bring a price that afforded a profit to the dairyman. Scallawag cattle and grease for butter may sometimes be too low in price to afford profit, but the good beef and the good butter are always profitable. A man who has been for almost three score years engaged in cattle-growing, said to a reporter the other day: "I have never seen the time when good beef would not bring a good, cash price." Sheep, when raised, on paper, are the most profitable stock in the land to grow. Mules also show tremendous profits, on paper; but wool and mutton and mules are all subject to the ebb and flow of the tide of business prosperity. Beef is subject to the ebb and flow of hunger's demands, and a hungry boom is sure to come around at shorter intervals than a business boom. One may take a thousand mules to the St. Louis or the Chicago market, and be weeks or months disposing of them; but the man who takes a thousand cattle to either market in the morning, can have the price of them in his pocket when he sits down to dinner.

Grass may be king but the cow is queen. She has worn the crown for long, long years. She has paid off more mortgages on the old farm, has educated more boys and girls, has brought more luxuries into the household and comfort and independence in old age, than any other thing that was ever on the farm. —*Denver Tribune-Republican.*



HON. W. D. WASHBURN.

member of the firm of Washburn, Crosby & Co., operating the celebrated Washburn Flouring Mills at Minneapolis.

He was one of the originators and also a stockholder and director of the Minneapolis Harvester Works; is largely interested in planing mills, and, in fact, since his advent into Minnesota, has been either intimately associated in, or thoroughly in sympathy with, many of the various projects whose end has been to develop the resources and increase the wealth of the State.

In the growth and development of his own city he has taken special pride, and in matters of local interest has ever been ready to extend a cordial support.

In appreciation of his many services and by reason of his peculiar fitness, his fellow-citizens have honored him with various positions of trust, and in 1871 elected him to the State Legislature. Two years later, at the earnest solicitation of friends, he allowed his name to be used in connection with the governorship of the State, and although he was not given the nomination, his friends claimed that he was fairly entitled to it, and that his defeat was solely owing to an irregularity in counting. Mr. Washburn, how-

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ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS, NOVEMBER, 1884.

A NEW feature in our journal is the publication of portraits and biographical sketches of leading men in business and public affairs who are contributing largely to the development of the new Northwestern States and Territories. The series opens with the Hon. W. D. Washburn, of Minneapolis, the well known miller and member of congress.

OUR letter from the Peshastin mining district, in Washington Territory, furnishes accurate information about a new mineral region little known and of a very promising outlook. The copper discoveries are particularly interesting. It is not improbable that a second Butte will spring up in those remote mountains when the new railroad reaches the Upper Yakima Valley.

GREAT FALLS CITY is the name of the new town above the falls of the Missouri, in which President J. J. Hill, of the Manitoba Railroad Company, and Paris Gibson, late of Minneapolis, are interested. Mr. Gibson is on the ground managing the project. A flour mill is to be built at once, and it is expected that other manufacturing enterprises will follow. The water power is practically limitless. The neighboring country offers many inducements for settlers. Farmers raising grain for their own use and keeping a few cattle and hogs can do well. Very little of the Government land is occupied. In the town there will be good chances for mechanics and merchants. Persons wishing information with a view to settlement, should address Mr. Gibson at Great Falls City, Montana.

THE construction work now being done by the Northern Pacific Company comprises the building of the Cascade Division, in Washington Territory, the completion of the Wisconsin Division, on which the track will all be laid this month, and the construction of the important bridge over the St. Louis River, between the towns of Duluth and Superior. This bridge is a mile long and will be finished in January. It will have the effect of making what will be practically one commercial city of the two places which it joins. The future trade center will probably be at a point on the south shore of the river, midway between the two existing towns. Duluth lacks room for its additional growth on its own side of the river, and Superior is too far distant from the present movements of business to become the future city which destiny plainly indicates must arise at the head of the greatest lake in the world.

WE have lately received a number of letters from young men in the East, who want to know if there are good openings for them in the growing cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul. They don't say what they want to do or are qualified to do, so we can't well answer them. We are afraid they belong to the great army of amiable, well educated young fellows, whom our schools and colleges are every year turning out, who know nothing in particular outside of their book-learning, but fancy they are entitled to soft places in life. The idea such young men have of a "good opening" is some salaried position where the pay is large and the work light and strictly genteel. Such places are just as hard to find in the West as in the East. Better get out on a farm, boys, and "rustle," as they say in Dakota. It will be tough at first, but it will develop the manhood in you. The life of a clerk in a city is one of dependence and small pay, and the chances to rise are discouragingly slim.

A RAILROAD to Fort Benton by way of the Great Falls of the Missouri is a necessity for the development of all Northern Montana east of the Belt Mountains, and it will be built as soon as the country gets out of the sag of dull times. The current project is for a line from Helena. We believe the Northern Pacific scheme of two years ago for a branch from Billings in the Yellowstone Valley is the better plan for early execution. The traffic of the region to be penetrated will naturally be east-bound, consisting of cattle, wool and the ores of the precious metals. An outlet by way of Helena would involve a long roundabout route. The road should go through the Judith Gap, and should, we think, run pretty close to the base of the Belt Range from the Gap northward, in order to furnish transportation for the mines. There are many leads of silver and gold quartz in the Barker, Neihart and other districts not now worked which would pay well if the ore could be conveniently got to a railroad. By this route the road would traverse the fertile Judith Basin, already well stocked with cattle and sheep and beginning to attract agricultural settlers. It should by all means strike the Missouri at Great Falls City, where it would aid to develop a manufacturing center, and would tap the great coal field of Sand Coulee. It could then be deflected eastward so as to end at Benton for the present. Its ultimate terminus, however, would be some point on the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

THINK ABOUT IT.

IN these dull times, when people in the older parts of the country are cramped by the general depression in business, the thought of going West and making a fresh start naturally occurs to thousands. The idea is a good one, where it is entertained by persons of a fair amount of pluck and energy. There are still plenty of chances to settle in new regions and grow up with the country. Dakota alone could provide homes for a million of people. In Montana there are excellent opportunities for cattle and sheep raising, and for opening irrigated valley farms. Washington has large areas of fertile, grassy land, excellent for wheat, barley and flax, that are still unclaimed. Oregon is by no means thickly settled. The refrain of the old song, that the Hutchinson family of concert singers used to sing twenty-five years ago, "Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm," is still true. Our good uncle has farms enough left for all who will claim them during the next year or two, but the supply will not hold out long. People who want to get one of these free farms had better make up their minds to go West next spring. Another year's migration will pretty well exhaust the good government lands that lie near enough to railroads to make them desirable for immediate cultivation, and there is not likely to be much extension of the railroad system during the next two years.

We know that the price of wheat is very low, but money has been made this year raising wheat, at even the phenomenally low figures now ruling. Next year prices will, in all probability, be better. Cattle and hogs still command good figures. A farmer who understands his business and who goes upon new land, anywhere in the agricultural regions of the new Northwest, not to make a sort of wheat factory of the soil, but to farm in a general way, just as he did in his old home, cannot fail to do well. For some products he can get as good prices in Dakota as he can in Illinois. Then he will be farming on land which cost him three or four dollars an acre, or, if homesteaded, nothing at all, instead of on land representing a capital of thirty, forty or fifty dollars an acre. The interest on the investment must always be taken into account in estimating the cost of a product and the profit on it. The Eastern farmer thinks he is doing well if he gets three or four per cent a year on the value of his place, after counting his own labor at the rate he pays his hired help. A Western farmer often pays twelve per cent for money with which to make his improvements and put in his

crops, and still comes out ahead, all the time reckoning his sure future gains in the constantly increasing value of his land.

But what about the hardships and privations of life in a new country? There are none worth speaking of. The railroads have made them things of the past. A farmer on the frontier who can drive to a railroad station and back in a day can have all the comforts of life which he can afford to buy, just the same as he could in the East. There are well stocked stores everywhere, and schools and churches follow close in the wake of settlement. The family that goes West with the means to open a farm and make the usual improvements, can live as comfortably as in any of the older prairie States. They will enjoy themselves better, because of the new interests of their new life, and the consciousness of larger opportunities to get ahead.

Think of it. Now is the time to consider the question and make up your mind. If you decide to go West in the spring, make your arrangements to go early. Better select some definite locality as your goal, and get all the information about it you can during the winter. Don't spend your money traveling about looking for some place that exactly suits you. There are some drawbacks everywhere, but there are a thousand places in the new Northwestern regions in any one of which you can prosper, with the same amount of effort required to make a bare living in the East.

A GOOD CORN COUNTRY.

NORTH DAKOTA farmers ought to find much consolation for the low prices offered for their abundant wheat crop in the fact that the experience of the past season has fully demonstrated that they are living in a good corn country. They were so engrossed in raising their one staple that they gave very little attention to other crops until the present year, when, by good luck, just in time to meet the discouragement over the prices ruling for wheat, there was considerable acreage put in corn, mainly by new settlers, all the way from Fargo to Belfield, near the western boundary of the Territory. With hardly an exception the yield has been excellent. The variety planted was the flint, which matures early and can be depended on, if planted in season, to escape being nipped by the frost. Next year the acreage planted will, no doubt, be increased tenfold.

This success with corn means more diversified farming in future throughout the Northern Pacific belt. Wheat will continue to be the main crop, and ought to, for it can be raised at less cost per bushel in North Dakota than in any other part of the United States; but it will not be the farmer's sole dependence. With a productive cornfield he can raise hogs and provide his own meat supply. A one-crop country is always a mortgaged country. Mixed farming is what pays in the long run. Iowa was mortgaged for more than it was worth in the early days of its settlement, but mixed farming brought the farmers out all right, and the State is now one of the richest agricultural regions of the Union. Dakota is going through the same experience. Too many farmers are buying everything they eat, and paying twelve or fifteen per cent on borrowed money. When they begin raising less wheat and more hogs and cattle the end of their troubles will be close at hand.

A PECULIARITY of our subscription list is that it is constantly shifting from the East to the West. Every day or two comes a letter from an old subscriber who wants his paper changed from an Eastern post office to some point in Dakota, or Montana, or Washington. He has got the information he wanted about the new Northwestern regions, selected his location and emigrated. Our good wishes for their success go with these readers, and we should be glad to hear from them in their new homes.

TOPICS IN TWO CITIES.

THE Minneapolis flour mills are running to their full capacity. Their owners are evidently happier than the farmers whose wheat they are grinding. Flour has fallen only about twenty per cent, but wheat is about forty per cent below last year's prices.

THE reports of the sale of the Minneapolis *Tribune* are so often repeated that we presume there is authority for them. We hope that the change of ownership will not throw General Nettleton out of active journalistic work in the Northwest. He has built up the *Tribune* from small beginnings to a journal of metropolitan size, enterprise and character. The paper is a credit to one of the most intelligent and progressive cities in the country.

THE St. Paul and Northern Pacific Railroad Company, which is a sort of business annex to the Northern Pacific for controlling the line from Brainerd to St. Paul and providing terminal facilities in both St. Paul and Minneapolis, has begun the erection of extensive car shops at Lake Como, midway between the two cities. There will be eleven buildings for the various departments of the shops. All will be of brick. They will be heated by steam and lighted by electricity.

THE new West Hotel in Minneapolis emphasises the recent departure in hotel architecture from gaudy interiors of painted and gilded wood work and brilliantly frescoed walls to quiet neutral tints and the natural colors of woods. The change is a welcome one. The decorations of hotels like the Palmer House in Chicago belong to an era of display and fast living, from which we are happily emerging under the corrective influence of hard times and the growth of a better taste. The dining room in the West, with its Moorish arches, is particularly pleasing.

THE new union depot in Minneapolis is proving a great public convenience, especially to people who have frequently to go back and forth between the city and St. Paul. Its location at the end of the suspension bridge, and only two blocks from the business center of the place, is admirable and suits everybody except the hackmen and the street car company, whose business is not particularly benefited by bringing so many passenger trains into the immediate vicinity of the hotels and stores. The local travel between St. Paul and Minneapolis, on the Manitoba road, has greatly increased since the opening of the new depot.

BUILDING operations have been active in both cities during the season just closing, especially in the direction of the erection of substantial business blocks. In Minneapolis the compact business center of the city has been extended in more than one direction, and old dwellings have given way to spacious edifices of brick and stone. In St. Paul, where trade except in the wholesale district, is more scattered, the new blocks of stores are found at many different points over a wide area of territory. In spite of the prevalent dull times it is evident that both cities are making long and steady strides in the development of all their important lines of trade.

LOVERS of fine fruit will be repaid for the trouble of walking down to the Northern Pacific building in St. Paul, and looking at the collection of apples and pears sent from the Dalles, Oregon, by Senfert Brothers. The familiar favorites of our Eastern orchards, such as the Rumbo, Spitzenberg, Fall Pippin, Hubbardston Nonesuch, Roxbury Russet and King of Tompkins County grow to remarkable size and perfection in the favorable climate of Oregon and Washington. Among these old friends appear in the collection several new varieties, such as the Glory of the World, an enormous golden-green apple, and the Oregon Seedling, with a rich mottled red coat. The pears comprise a dozen varieties, all of notable size and beauty.

THE new residences erected on Summit Avenue, St. Paul, during the present season, add much to the beauty of that remarkably handsome street. The architectural tendency which they exhibit seems to be in the direction of toning down the extravagance and grotesqueness of the so-called Queen Anne style. One of the best of them is built of a light-colored sandstone. In a dry climate like this stone ought to be much more used than it is for dwellings. It is an objectionable material in the damp atmosphere of the sea coast cities, but here in Minnesota, where the summer lapses through the bright fall weather into the cold dry winter, it is faultless from a hygienic point of view. A wooden house has always a cheap and transient look, no matter how much money may be spent upon it, and the monotony of red brick is wearisome.

THE new mammoth hotel in St. Paul, which bears the name of its owner, Mr. Ryan, has its walls up to the roof and is much the most conspicuous building in the city, viewed either from Dayton's Bluff or St. Anthony's Hill. The architecture is not striking, but is imposing by reason of the great bulk of the edifice. It is a pity that a better location was not chosen. Probably there were real estate speculative motives in planting this fine structure in the midst of petty retail stores and cheap boarding houses. The proper place for it would have been near the post office on Wabasha Street. Hotel men are already making their surmises as to how much the new hostelry is going to take from their trade when it is opened. If it hurts them at all the damage will be only temporary. St. Paul is growing so fast that it will soon come up to the point of requiring all the additional facilities the new house will afford. The owners of the old houses have had a bonanza during the recent boom period.

IN the July *NORTHWEST* we gave an account of a visit to a section farm owned by B. S. Russell, about eight miles north of Jamestown, Dakota. We recently learned that Mr. Russell's wheat crop this season on 287 acres of his farm was 8,976 bushels, or over thirty-one bushels to the acre.

THERE is great dissatisfaction among the Minnesota and Dakota farmers about the grading of wheat, the belief being that the buyers in Minneapolis and Duluth grade down consignments below the real value of the grain, and force this policy on the elevator managers through the country. Undergrading was not minded much when the price was over a dollar a bushel, but the margin between profit and actual loss on a crop at present figures is so close that a difference of a few cents on a bushel becomes a serious matter. The present feeling will probably work out in some measures for a system of State inspection at the approaching session of the Minnesota Legislature. It is proposed to establish a board of State commissioners who are to fix standards of grades, appoint local inspectors and furnish them with samples by which to compare the grain they examine.

THE President of the United States has accepted, in accordance with the charter act of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, a section of twenty-five miles of road eastward from Tacoma, Washington Territory, as a part of the Cascade Branch. This action of the executive settles the question raised by some of the citizens of Seattle, who for local reasons have been opposing the construction of the branch. They alleged that the section of road in question, which was built in 1877, was not originally intended to be a part of the Branch, because its temporary terminus was at a coal mine, and that consequently the company was not entitled to receive the portion of the land grant attaching to it. The company showed by indisputable proof that the road was regarded from the first as the western end of the Cascade Branch, and built as such under the charter, and that the delay in applying for its acceptance had been occasioned by the time required for the examination of the mountains to find the most feasible pass. Until a pass was selected it was not practicable to continue the definite location of the line from a point on the completed road to the summit of the mountain. Work on the Cascade Branch is now progressing rapidly from both directions.

OUR LETTER BOX.

Wants to Buy a Hotel.

ORANGE, MASS., Oct. 10, 1884.

To the Editor of *The Northwest*:

Is Dakota a good place for hotel business? Is Minnesota better? Do they have licenses to sell there? Will \$2,500 buy a fair, small hotel there? Is spring a better time to buy out a place there than now?

EVERETT L. SWAN.

Will some of our Dakota or Minnesota readers who know of a good opportunity to buy or start a small hotel, correspond with Mr. Swan? Spring is the best time to start in business, but the chances to buy property at low prices are better in the fall and winter.

Reports of the Northern Pacific Land Department.

FREDERICK, MD., Sept. 30, 1884.

To the Editor of *The Northwest*:

Why is it we do not have, as formerly, reports in *THE NORTHWEST* of the operations of the Land Department of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company?

JAMES W. PEARSE.

The department has recently made a full annual report. Write to Colonel C. B. Lamborn, Land Commissioner, St. Paul, for a copy of it.

Wants to Start a Bakery,

DAYTON, OHIO, Oct. 7, 1884.

To the Editor of *The Northwest*:

Do you know of any good place to start a bakery in your section? I am a baker by trade, and have some capital.

T. R. J.

Yes. There is a good opening right here in the best residence section of St. Paul. On St. Anthony Hill, where over 10,000 people live, it is not possible to get fresh rolls and bread for breakfast because there is no local bakery, and the bakers from the lower town do not come up until 9 or 10 o'clock.

An Appreciative Reader.

PORT JERVIS, N. Y., Oct. 10, 1884.

To the Editor of *The Northwest*:

Having traveled over the Northern Pacific Railroad last autumn to Portland and thence to San Francisco, and back by the Central Pacific Railroad, I feel interested in many of your sketches and writings from personal observation in the Yellowstone National Park, Yosemite Valley, etc.; and I will do without some papers costing much more and take yours, which comes to me now as a reminder of many pleasant days spent in the far West.

P. E. F.

Thanks for your good opinion. We try to make our paper interesting and valuable to all who have seen the new Northwestern regions as tourists as well as to settlers and intending emigrants.

The Northern Pacific Surplus.

VINELAND, N. J., Oct. 10, 1884.

To the Editor of *The Northwest*:

In your issue for October you state that the surplus (\$1,009,758.11) belongs to the preferred stock holders, and I presume that the surplus of the previous year viz., \$1,149,583.12, making in all \$2,205,238.29, is in similar condition. Will you kindly inform me if the statement is correct, and that some time in the near future the stockholders may expect that amount paid to them in dividends as the eleven and one-tenth was paid before. As I hold near seventy shares and have not got large means, will you kindly give me the information I ask, and oblige

B. H. G.

There will be, in all probability, a dividend paid at the close of the next fiscal year.

Questions about Washington Territory.

DETROIT, MICH., Oct. 7, 1884.

To the Editor of *The Northwest*:

As I contemplate settling in Washington Territory I would like to ask you a few questions: (1) What prospects are there for a young man going there who has had a good business education and experience in farming? (2) How near to the railroad are the pre-emption lands? (3) What are the conditions a settler would have to comply with? (4) What kind of land and how near the railroad can it be bought for two or

three dollars an acre? (5) What is the fare from St. Paul to Spokane Falls? as I intend to settle in that vicinity. (6) Is there any preference, or which is the most profitable, to purchase land from the Government or the railroad? (7) What is a tree claim? If it will not be imposing upon your time, please give me a general information of the inducements and advantages offered in Washington Territory near Spokane Falls.

W. F. DOYLE.

(1) The prospects are good. (2) You would now have to go at least ten or fifteen miles from the railroad to find any good land open to pre-emption. (3) Six months' residence and the payment of two dollars and fifty cents an acre. (4) Railroad land ranges from two to eight dollars an acre, according to its quality and its nearness to towns. (5) You can get out to Spokane Falls from St. Paul in an emigrant sleeper very comfortably for about forty dollars. (6) You can get railroad land nearer the railroad than good government land can be found, and you have ten years to pay for it, but it will cost you more per acre. (7) A tree claim is a claim on which the settler undertakes to plant and rear ten acres of trees to get 160 acres, or five acres for forty. It is more trouble than it is worth.

An Address Wanted.

SANBORN, DAKOTA, Oct. 16, 1884.

To the Editor of *The Northwest*:

If the gentleman from Montclair, N. J., signing "W. M. H." to a letter appearing in your valuable publication for September will send me his address, I will be glad to give him some information he desires and aid him in obtaining a good location in a well settled county.

J. M. BURRELL.

A FRIEND in Portage County, Ohio, writes: "There never was so great a breadth sown to wheat before in this region. It seems as if farmers were bent on keeping the price down as low as possible. Our wheat yielded beyond expectation. Some got over forty bushels to the acre. Mine went twenty-nine." Here is indicated one of the chief causes of the low price of the staple cereal—its general cultivation this year in older portions of the country where in recent years only small crops had been raised—not sufficient in the aggregate for home consumption. The low price for wheat will prevent this state of things from continuing another year. Eastern farmers will return to cattle and dairy products.

PERSONAL NOTES.

SAMUEL G. YOUNG, the writer of the article on Tacoma in the October *NORTHWEST*, is now editing the *Seattle Daily Chronicle* and making it a dignified and enterprising journal. The attitude of the *Chronicle* on the railroad question is that the vital interests of all the Puget Sound region demand the speedy completion of the Cascade Branch of the Northern Pacific, and that Congress should let the land grant alone and permit the company to go ahead and finish the road.

THE *Century Magazine* has begun the publication of a series of descriptive articles on the less familiar regions of the new Northwest. The first of the series appeared in the October number and was about the Cœur d'Alene mines. Other articles will treat of the Bitter Root and Mission valleys and the Flathead Lake region in Western Montana, the Cascade Mountains, and the Yakima Valley in Washington Territory, the Upper Missouri and the Great Falls and the cattle ranges of Eastern Montana. The writer is E. V. Smalley.

THE *Buffalo Express* draws the following pen and ink sketch of Oliver Dalrymple, the bonanza farmer of Dakota: He was a tall man, with rather sandy and long hair and an iron-gray chin whisker. He wore a sack suit of steel-mixed and a yellowish-brown slouch hat. There was a red buttonhole bouquet in his coat lapel. His stand-up collar was surrounded by a black tie. An ordinary every-day watch chain hung

from the second buttonhole of his vest. As he walked up from the Western Union main office he jogged along carelessly, looked neither to the right nor left, but seemed engaged in a sort of communion with himself. The man was Mr. Oliver Dalrymple, the most extensive farmer in the United States. Mr. Dalrymple, although he lives in St. Paul, Minn., confines his farming operations to Dakota, where in Cass and Traill counties he has a two-thirds interest in 75,000 acres of as fine wheat land as the sun ever shone upon. The product, as indicated by that so far threshed, will be about 600,000 bushels this year. Mr. Dalrymple employs in his farming operations 1,000 men, 800 horses and mules, 200 self-binding reapers and 30 steam threshers.

VICE PRESIDENT OAKES, who is making a tour over the Northern Pacific to the Pacific Coast, said, in a recent interview in Miles City, Montana, that the beef shipments this season are very satisfactory. At the beginning of this season he estimated that 75,000 head would go East this fall over the Northern Pacific. Later it was thought that number would not be reached, but now it is evident that the first estimate was none too high. One cattle company alone will ship over 600 car loads this fall from Minusville. The cattle as a rule are going forward in good condition, and command top prices in the markets. Mr. Oakes referred to Land Commissioner Lamborn's recent decision to reserve for stockmen some six miles of land on each side of the Beaver, throughout the forty-mile grant. He says this will be of great benefit to stock interests, and give an unimpeded drive to the Northern Pacific. The same policy will probably be followed on streams flowing to Miles City and other important cattle shipping points. Such a course is necessary to prevent drives being obstructed by fences.

FATHER RAVALLI, the Good Samaritan priest and physician among the Flathead Indians in Western Montana, has gone to his reward. He died at St. Mary's Mission, in Stevensville, on October 12, at the age of seventy-two. The *Helena Herald* says of him: Coming to the mountains in 1844 he was pre-eminently a pioneer priest, and served at almost every mission in Oregon and Montana in the double capacity of priest and physician for nearly forty years. It would be impossible to describe, or even imagine, the discomforts meekly borne and sacrifices nobly made in the discharge of his missionary duties among the savages of the Rocky Mountains, when they had no shelter but the rude lodge, and their subsistence only berries, wild meat and fish. His only mode of travel in visiting distant tribes and performing perilous journeys on sick calls, in the early days, was on horseback, with an Indian guide and pack animal to carry supplies and bedding. Thus provided he went from tribe to tribe, carrying to individuals and communities the consolations of religion, and administering the remedies of enlightened medical science for the cure of their diseased and suffering bodies. At the end of these lonely journeys, made perilous by swimming rivers, this unselfish "Good Samaritan" rested his weary limbs upon mother earth, and dried his garments by a brush fire. Throughout the tribes of the Rocky Mountains the name of Father Ravalli was a household word wherever pain and suffering were a scourge, and penitent supplicants sought absolution from their sins. While these heroic acts glorify his early labors among the Indians, his piety, example and medical science have made glad the homes of the most enlightened society in civilized life.

THE Northern Pacific's new line from Portland to Kalama was opened for business on the 15th of October. In consequence of this the steamers of the Oregon Railway and Navigation running between these points have been discontinued. There is now unbroken road communication between Portland and Tacoma, on Puget Sound.

GLIMPSES OF WESTERN LIFE.

The Ranchman's Song.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

In saddle or in camp at home,
I fear not fortune's change;
My wealth the branded herds that roam
The green wastes of my range!
Oh, who more independent, free,
And care-exempt than I?
Not he that sails upon the sea
Or scales the mountain high.
I laugh and sing, give fancy wing,
And let the world go by!

The bustle of the run, the count,
The round-up and the drive,
Is pastime keen, if but the mount
Be mettled and alive.
Belted and spurred, devoid of fear,
To every risk resigned,
My cowboys at my beck career
As headlong as the wind;
Nor robber greed nor mad stampede
Can them unguarded find.

At work or play, with care to cause
No honest heart a pang,
And governed but by honor's laws,
On broncho or mustang,
Oh, who with more undaunted brow
Doth sell adventure bide?
Not he that speeds the pen or plow,
Or stems broad traffic's tide!
In manhood's flower the plains I scour,
A ranchman true and tried.

Grim ward the mountain sentries keep
O'er my domain for me;
Far as the coursing gaze can sweep,
And rolling as the sea,
That cattle-dotted realm expands
Whence far abroad is strewn
Rich nourishment for peopled lands,
The boon of wholesome food,
Though mine the choice to here rejoice
Amid the solitude.

The saddle is my throne, the vast
Wild herds my vassals tried,
The lariat's swift, unerring cast
My mandate undenied.
My spurs were won by stubborn deeds,
That ne'er a blush can bring,
Nor other right or sanction needs
The care-free Cattle King!
And joy brims up his stirrup-cup
In this the song I sing?

—N. Y. Sun.

"Open Confession."

There is one man in Oregon who believes that "open confession is good for the soul," judging from the following card, signed "E. C. Clark," and printed in the *Times-Mountaineer* of The Dalles: "This certifies that I owe Mr. Nichols forty-six dollars for board, and Mr. Nichols has asked me several times for it; on account of which there has been some little hard feelings between us, and in consequence I have tried to injure Mr. Nichols' character by telling lies about him around this town when under the influence of liquor. I know of nothing wrong about him, and believe him to be a gentleman in every respect. And also that I have several wives scattered around through the country, have not drawn a sober breath since I have been here, never have paid for the clothes I wear, and am, in fact, generally depraved."

A Cowboy on Skates.

The cowboys take to the new style of locomotion as naturally as a Democrat takes to Stonewall or Valley Tan. Toll Caldwell was telling me of the fun he had last night. He said: "I am more used to riding on horseback, but last night I thought I'd try them little wagons. I got one with a double cinch, and another one to match it, and as soon as I straddled the layout I could feel them begin to bow their backs, and I was wishing I had buckrein, because I was expectin' 'em to stiffen their knees and go to buckin' every minit, but they didn't. I walked them over to the other end of the corral to gentle 'em a little and directly they started off at an easy canter, and were coming around back right through the herd, and there was a dude there with a stiff hat that was trying to cut out a Polled Angus heifer with a blue dress, and I fouled and roped both my hind legs with a hoop skirt and it had me stretched out for branding, quicker'n a spring calf could brawl with its mouth open and its lungs stretched. But I got up and got on again and you oughter see me exercise those vehicles. Of course they wasn't bridle wise and of course tried to buck when I hurried 'em, and they'd rear up and fall back when I tried to stop 'em too quick, but I'll leave it to the boss herder of the whole round-up if I didn't galop 'em round there for three or four hours, and had 'em roll over with me and they didn't get me off."—Muldoon.

Plenty of Sport for Nervy Hunters.

Charles F. Blackburn, a famous prospector, who, incidentally in his travels among the Rockies, has killed forty-three full grown bears, furnishes the *Salt Lake Tribune* with the following narrative: We were on a prospecting tour. "Ranger Hank," a Texas ranger, and myself left camp one morning just at daybreak. We were out to examine the country for quartz lodes above timber line. It was during August. We reached the snow by 10 o'clock. We were bound for that famous peak known as the "Russian Crown." The Crown is the highest mountain between Clark's Fork and the Yellowstone River. We reached the summit at 2 o'clock.

While looking carefully over the snow fields we discovered eighteen full grown bears and ten cubs. Leveling the telescope on them we could see the monsters in all their glory, lying lazily around in the snow, some asleep, some playing, and some feeding on grasshoppers. These insects flying over the range get chilled when near the snow, and those that fall on the snow fields never get away. All the bears except two were several miles from us. Nearly a mile down the slope, on the mountain that we were on, we observed two large bears, and resolved on attacking them. Looking at them through the glass we soon found that they had no knowledge of our presence. We were within 100 yards of them, and then standing we both shouted, to arouse the bears. The grizzly observed us first (the other was a cinnamon). Immediately after seeing us the grizzly jumped up from the snow and came charging, growling at every step.

Hank had a Sharp's rifle and a good six-shooter; I had a Winchester and a full belt of cartridges. We let the bear come within fifty paces; he commenced snorting and began to show his teeth; his long shaggy hair began to stand up, and he was a mad grizzly. We felt safe and kept cool; having good breech-loaders we were brave. Bruin was brave, too; he came right along, evidently bent on having a square meal from an individual of the genus homo. We let grizzly come within thirty paces, and now he began to loom up like a Mississippi steamboat. Hank says: "Let me crease him?" I said: "Give it to him!" Hank shot bruin through the top of the neck; he was not hurt, but he growled loud with rage. We both opened fire, and the bear would fall at every shot. Seeing that the other bear had started for us, I took careful aim at the grizzly's head and fired, killing him instantly; he went rolling down the snowy slope and did not stop until he had rolled out on the ice of a frozen lake 2,000 feet below.

As the dead grizzly rolled away the live cinnamon moved bravely up. When within 100 yards we commenced on him. We could not shoot fast enough. The bear was soon between us, and it was dangerous to shoot at all. In less than two seconds the bear made for Ranger Hank, knocking him down and instantly jumping on him. Hank had lost his rifle, but made good use of his revolver, shooting the bear in the mouth and brain, killing bruin instantly. The bear dropped, and, being squarely over Hank, mashed him deep in the snow. It was not long until I rolled the bear off Ranger Hank, and Mr. Bear went tumbling down the snowy slope, landing alongside the grizzly on the frozen lake. Hank and I concluded to kill no more bears that day.

At Lonesome Ledge.

According to my memory, the story which an old miner told me at the Grand Pacific the other day was this: "We had put up the cabin that was to be home to us away up on the Yallerstone, and it was in them times away out ov sight ov civilization. Thar was seven ov us, and we was all men who had met the world all our lives the wrong way. I reckon thar wa'n't a man who hedn't hed the iron driv into his soul and lincht on the other side. Thar wa'n't a man in the crowd that ever had a pleasant story for to tell. Thar wa'n't a man as ever I know'd who ever sung a song. We called the place Lonesome Ledge. We didn't git together in any formal way, and we never past any resolution about how good we were before or as how we was goin' to reform. Ever' man jist seemed as if he know'd t'other one hed a ombstun in his heart, and it was sacrilige to got nigh it.

"All but one. He was a young chap that we picked up on our way out. He had his hair as yillar

as my hands, and a kind ov stoop in his shoulders as ef he hed a burden put onto him afore his time. But he had awful blue eyes that was as soft and pleadin' in thar looks as the sky above us. He sed his name was Brixie. Ef he hed enny other we never know'd it, and we didn't know whether Brixie were his front name or his back name, and we never axed him. He was as frail in his looks as one of them bean-poles that used to be in the garden. Ef there were enny-thing about Lonesome Ledge that was easy Brixie allus got it. One evenin' we was all settin' 'round Lonesome Ledge, each man lookin' into the fire es ef he expected it was goin' to speak. Finally one sez, 'Whar's Brixie?' sez he. Nobody could answer. Ever' man seemed to say in his face, 'Well, he's gone, and that's the way of all life.' We all laid down on the floor, and I reckon we all went to sleep. Men in our station don't stay awake ov nights. Next mornin', when we woke up Brixie were on hand, but nobody axed him whar he'd been, and he never sed. Well, that thing happened ever' few nights for nigh onto three months, and still nobody axed what it meant nor Brixie never sed a word.

"One night wesaw him wash his face and comb his ha'r. He hed some trouble to get it to lay down, but he got it. Then he put some b'ar ile on his boots, and then he tuck his coat and beat it agin a cedar that was about as frail as he were. And then he put it on and walked away. Still no man axed a question. He were gone the next night, and the next, and the next, until thar was enough nights to make a week, and enough weeks to make a month. Still no man axed a question. One night when we was all about to stretch out we heerd a knock at the door. If a bar or a painter or a kyoot hed walked in we would hev thought nothin' about it, but to hear a knock on the door of Lonesome Ledge were a strange thing, and made us all look at each other. We didn't know what to say or do. I reckon no man in Lonesome Ledge hed heard a knock on the door for more'n a year. But finally one ov the boys got up, and, shakin' as ef he hed the ager, he sez: 'Why don't you come in, thar's the latch string on the outside,' sez he. The door opened and thar were Brixie, and by his side thar were a shy-lookin' thing that were a woman. It were the fust woman we'd seed in over a year. Brixie jist brought her in, and he jist sez 'Mrs. Brixie, wife ov Brixie.'

"I never forgit that night. She made us a supper with them little hands; she washt up the tins, and then she sot down in front ov the fire, and I know hers were the sweetest song that ever were sung in them mountains. Then we all got up and formed a girkle about her and took her hand, and all at onct somethin' seemed to loosen the iron in our hearts and thaw us out. We knowed now why Brixie hed gone away ov nights, and that night we all slept out on the around except Mr. and Mrs. Brixie. Well, sir, not to tire you, Lonesome Ledge were broke up, and we re all goin' back to where we come from in the East years ago. All on account of Mrs. Brixie, whose purty face and sweet songs fetched us back to our senses and made men ov us. That's how I happened to be here to-night."

Indian Method of Hunting Antelope.

The Mandan *Pioneer* relates a curious occurrence. It says that antelope are more numerous this fall than ever before known along the Missouri division of the Northern Pacific. Herds of from 50 to 150 are seen daily along the track in the Curlew Valley and in the vicinity of Knife River and other points west from there. On Monday Captain Wrenshall, Superintendent Green and Roadmaster Ray, in the special car Crow Wing, attached to freight train No. 15, witnessed a novel and successful mode of hunting antelope. As the train pulled into South Heart, four antelope, surrounded and coralled by bears in a small valley near the track, were discovered. The engineer slowed up the train a little and Captain Wrenshall got out his Winchester and took a shot at one of the bears. The motion of the train marred his aim and the bullet missed its mark. And luckily so, for that instant up rose the supposed bear, and shaking off a blanket revealed an Indian. The other bears showed up in like manner. The Indians, by getting upon all fours and fixing up their brown blankets into a resemblance of ears, nose, tail and legs, made themselves a close counterfeit of cinnamon bears, which struck panic into the hearts of the foolish antelope and placed them in such position that they were about to fall an easy prey to their real assailants—the Indians. Having discovered his mistake Captain Wrenshall began shooting at the antelope and killed several.

MINES OF THE UPPER YAKIMA COUNTRY.

An Account of the Mineral Wealth Lately Found in Washington Territory.

Special Correspondence of The Northwest.

ELLENSBURGH, KITTITAS CO., W. T., }
September 29, 1884.

Co-extensive and important with the agricultural resources of Central Washington Territory is the varied mineral wealth awaiting only the magic whistle of the "iron horse" to attain the world-wide prominence now alone accorded to mining regions—the general formation and output of which is of such character as to guarantee profitable production during the natural life lease of several successive ownerships. North and west of the Columbia River, in an extensive spur or "break-off" from the Cascade Mountains, the Yakima, Cle-Elum, Teanaway, Swauk, Peshastan, and lesser streams of the Yakima basin have their source.

MOUNT STEWART,

the highest peak next north of Mount Tacoma, is almost centrally situated between the headwaters of the streams named and those of the Wenachie, which, marking the northeastern boundary of Kittitas County, ultimately empties into the Columbia River. Standing near the summit of granite-ribbed, perpetually snow-capped Mount Stewart, variously estimated at an altitude of 8,000 to 10,000 feet, the mineral-bearing character of the vast scope of surrounding country presented to the eye is at once determined by the marked contrast between its brilliant-hued mineral-stained surface outlines, and the grimly somber snow-crested main range, or the less pretentious densely timbered sand-capped foot hills, together marking the western and eastern "side lines" of a mineral belt, the extent and actual value of which beyond wide and genuine worth is as yet a mere matter of narrowly circumscribed occasional camp fire conjecture. A few miles below the mouth of the Wenachie a massive porphyry belt crops boldly above the adjoining formations and follows a northwest course throughout the entire region in hand. Every stream cutting this belt carries more or less fine gold in its wash. Generally capped with the neighboring country rock, the porphyry puts in a surface appearance at several points along a distance of forty miles. In each instance valuable mineral-bearing rock has been discovered in close proximity thereto. The oldest of these discoveries are comprised in what is known as the

PESHASTAN MINING DISTRICT,

situated some forty miles north of Ellensburg. In this camp quartz mining has been carried on after a fashion for several years. The "Shafer," "Humming Bird," "Bob Tail," "Summit Pocket," "Pole Pick," "Tip Top" and "Golden Phoenix" represent the principal discoveries. Assaying \$30 to \$3,000 in gold per ton the quartz yield of each is very similar in character. Comparatively free milling near the surface, as water level is approached, sulphuret ore, requiring chlorination working, predominates. By the use of "arastas" and a plain little six-stamp water mill but eight to sixty dollars per ton has been extracted from the product of these mines, while the greater value in the shape of sulphurets has passed off in the "tailings." Last season twenty-two persons were employed by the "Shafer," "Pole Pick" and "Tip Top" owners, but to-day with fully 1,000 tons of excellent quartz in sight, the Shafer mill and mine are shut down simply because the owners are not sufficiently skillful to properly work the quartz and have not the capital necessary to procure suitable machinery and competent workmen. Negotiations are pending which may place the Shafer property in abundantly able hands, in which event a custom mill will be erected in the camp, thus making development of the adjacent "prospects" possible. Fifteen miles south of Peshastan and twenty-five miles from Ellensburg is located the

SWAUK MINING DISTRICT,

chiefly noted for its placer deposits, from which \$50,000 to \$75,000 have been extracted in nugget gold. The pay is found in an old channel which cannot be traced above the mouth of Becker Creek, yet much of the gold has the appearance of having being washed a long distance. Nuggets have been found weighing from \$100 to upwards of \$750 each, and a perplexing feature in the matter of arriving at a satisfactory conclusion as to the source of the placer deposits is found in the fact that many of the nuggets, mixed with a sort of porphyritic quartz or "spar," appear to have been freshly broken from veins of that character occurring in the mountain beyond which the old channel is not higher traceable. The gravel deposit in and about the discovery is deep, the pay spotted, and water for extensive working difficult to procure. Hence placer mining has thus far been confined to "drifting" and ground sluicing in a limited way simply for the bed rock gold. Beautiful wire gold specimens, in every imaginable shape and design, are found in these placers. As much as \$1,100 in spiral and other curious wires having been taken from a single crevice. The bed rock, alternately slate and sandstone, occasionally carries small seams of coal, and here the (to me at least) strange anomaly has been presented of bituminous coal and native gold in the same crevice. Hydraulic mining has recently been undertaken upon a small scale, and it is highly probable that in the near future water sufficient for extensive working will be carried by ditch and flume upon an immense

AURIFEROUS GRAVEL DEPOSIT,

appearing to mark the point at which the ancient stream emptied into the lake or other body of water, once covering what is now known as Kittitas Valley. This deposit is fully one-half township in extent, is at its greatest depth perhaps 100 feet, carries fine gold, and is very favorably situated for extensive working. The requisite water will have to be carried twelve to eighteen miles, but as lumber, fuel and fencing, together with much needed water for irrigating purposes, can be supplied to the agricultural settlement by the same medium, it is not likely the commercial value of this gold-bearing deposit will long remain unrecognized.

GOLD-BEARING QUARTZ,

assaying from \$10 to \$300 per ton and remarkably free in character, has been discovered in the Swauk district. Considerable money has been expended in an effort to develop the "Homestake" Company's property; but here, as in fact in almost every other mining enterprise undertaken in this region, the amateur mania for tunneling upon undeveloped quartz prospects prevailed, and in consequence nothing beyond the value and extent of highly promising "top" croppings is known. Sixty miles west of north of Ellensburg upon the headwaters of the Cle-Elum, Teanaway, Arsyale, Fortune and Ingall's creeks, are located the principal camps of the

CLE-ELUM MINING DISTRICT,

which, although only formally organized one year ago and thus far almost wholly in the hands of amateur prospectors, but little able (financially or otherwise) to accomplish more than annual representation work, bids fair to play a prominent part in the matter of ore and bullion shipments over the coming Cascade division of the Northern Pacific Railroad. The most important discoveries to date are found in and about Hawkins Mountain, Mineral Hill, and Mt. Stewart. South and west of Hawkins Mountain, the surface indications are so strikingly favorable for the existence of rich and extensive mineral deposits that one does not require to be shown discoveries yielding 40 to 80 per cent copper and \$2,800 silver per ton, or float rock carrying 36 per cent nickel, or a considerable percentage of tin, to glean at a glance that only a happy combination of the practicable dollar and the practical miner is there required to bring out a permanent profitably productive mining camp. In this vicinity are the "Bullion," "Black Hawk,"

"Copper King," "Silver Bow," "Houghton," "Copper Bottom," "California," and the "Copperhead" discoveries and extensive claims numbers one to seven. The yield of these claims and their general conditions are so nearly alike that an intelligent idea of the character of each may be gathered from the following list of tests made upon the Bullion Company's ore.

The first assay was made from surface ore:

1st—Bullion Mine.
Copper.....80 per cent.
Silver.....\$3.14 to the ton.
Gold trace.

Assayor: MCINTOSH,
Portland, Or.

2d—Bullion Mine.
Three feet from surface in shaft.
Copper.....52.90 per cent.
Silver.....17 oz., to ton—2,000 lbs.
Gold trace.

Assayor: SAMUEL WELLESTON,
Newport, R. I.

3d—Bullion Mine.
Five feet from surface.
Copper.....71.50 per cent.
Silver.....11 oz. to the ton.

Assayor: ALBERT B. LEEDS,
Hoboken, N. J.

4th—Bullion Mine.
Ten feet from surface in shaft.
Chemical Analysis:
Sulphur.....10 per cent.
Copper oxide.....10 "
Copper sulphuret.....30 "
Silver ".....13 "
Lead ".....2 "
Antimony gray sulphuret.....5 "
Tin oxide.....a trace.
Iron oxide.....3 per cent.
Iron magnetic.....7 "
Lime carbonate.....15 "
Water.....5 "

Assayor: WILL E. EVERETTE, M. D.,
Of Smithsonian Institute, Washington.

In the copper-silver discoveries but little has been accomplished beyond representation work for the current year. The "Bullion" Company are engaged in sinking a prospecting shaft, and at thirty feet had the good fortune to crosscut a twelve-foot body of black oxide ore rated in San Francisco at \$200 per ton. A personal examination revealed the fact, that at sixty feet every condition indicated the immediate proximity of another extensive ore body. Upon the north and west slope of Hawkins Mountain are the "I-I-Yas," "Nilson," "Foster" and "Cle-Elum" quartz prospects. All present an encouraging surface appearance, while the "Cle-Elum," at a depth of sixty feet, between the walls of schistous granite, carries a clay gauge with four to six feet of lode matter, and a pay streak of hard fine-grained gray quartz, yielding in gold and silver from \$17 to \$400 per ton. From the Cle-Elum pay streak one ton of \$300 rock could easily be mined and assorted by a competent miner per day; but a "mill run" upon wall and country rock and other waste matter yielded such unsatisfactory returns that work was desisted from at the depth named. Passing up the Cle-Elum the "Ida Elmore," "Red Jacket," "Madelaine" and "Silver King" discoveries, yielding on top \$30 to \$600 per ton, are noticed. Well defined and challenging favorable comment, the limited development speaks in forcible terms the lack of capital, experience, or both, upon part of the owners, else hoisting apparatus and a candle had been needed to enable one to "bottom" the prospects. At the

MINERAL HILL CAMP

the same lack is still more plainly and (to the owners, doubtless) painfully perceptible. Here the "Centennial," "Summit," "Hopeful," "Morning Glory," "Black Honey Comb" and "Little Prospect" lode claims are situated in a long, regular mountain, traversed throughout its length by the primitive granite. The "Centennial" is a remarkably well defined prospect, carrying considerable

black galena in a pay streak yielding by sample as high as \$395 in gold and silver per ton. The "Morning Glory," "Black Honey Comb" and "Little Prospect" have scored respectively \$200 gold and silver, 175 ounces of silver and sixty dollars in gold per ton, and upon any one of these discoveries, a practical miner with sufficient means would prosecute vigorous, continuous work. East of Mineral Hill, in the vicinity of Mt. Stewart, several interesting discoveries have been made. Prominent among these are the "True Fissure" claims, the croppings of which carry as high as \$125 gold and fifty-five ounces silver per ton; also the "Galena," "Lucky Jim," "President," "Senator" and "Klonas" locations, which are chiefly noted for the amount of fine looking quartz in sight, concerning the value of which little if anything is yet known by even the locators themselves. East and northeast of Mt. Stewart but little is known concerning the character of the country save what is gained by the summit bird's-eye view. The prospecting season in the higher portions of the Cle-Elum district being limited to about four months, and the pioneer prospectors having their time and means well taken up by representation requirements upon discoveries already made, a large scope of territory must necessarily remain untouched until the influx of additional prospectors. The Cle-Elum Copper-Silver, or, as it is locally known, "Smelting" camp, is particularly highly favored. The most skeptical concede an extensive field of the ores named, which is also traversed by a huge high grade magnetic iron lode. Thirty miles of easy grade narrow gauge railway will afford connection with the Cascade division of the Northern Pacific at the eastern base of the Cascade Range. Within two miles of the proposed railroad junction is the heart of the recently discovered

TEANAWAY COKING COAL FIELD,

located between the lower waters of the Cle-Elum and Teanaway creeks. This coal is pronounced an excellent bituminous article, the best in quality yet discovered in Washington Territory. Prospecting has developed the fact, that at least one-half a township is underlaid with coal, consisting (as revealed by streams cutting the belt upon the precipitous Teanaway slope) of a twenty-two foot measure in veins ranging from forty-four inches clean coal to fourteen feet of alternately coal and slate. With convenient coking coal, abundant timber, water, grass and immediate proximity to an extensive highly productive agricultural region, in which supplies of all kinds will ever be afforded at reasonable prices, it certainly seems safe to assert, that shipping facilities, ushering in as they must, enterprise, capital and competent experience, are alone required to enable not only the Cle-Elum district, but the Yakima basin at large to take front rank among the natural wealth yielding regions developed in the Pacific Northwest.

H. C. WALTERS.

Whoop up the Town.

Here is a suggestion by the Heppner Times worthy the attention of the citizens of all new Western towns. A town is not built up unless the citizens build it up with all their hearts. They must become inspired by faith that there is a bright future for it. Every one must lend a helping hand to further the good work, that it may make what it is desired to be. There must be a local pride—a local public opinion which moulds the sentiment must predominate—if prominent prosperity is had. There must not be too much hesitation in making sacrifices in the faith that the town will have a better future. The people must show their works. Put their hands down deep into their pockets, take them out full of money, invest in public enterprises in the town, and work with a hearty will to whoop it up.

A Pendleton girl writes to her lover: "I watch for your coming each evening, when the Sunset Gates are ajar; look out for the dog at the portal, and I'll keep an eye on papa."—Heppner (Or.) Gazette.

DAKOTA CROP NOTES.

FIFTY-ONE bushels and one peck per acre of wheat was raised by a Mr. Rush of Codington County.

At the Yankton Fair there were on exhibition ninety-two samples of apples grown in Dakota.

FRED L. DAVIS threshed about ten acres of wheat on Mr. L. Russell's farm, in Strabane Township near Larimore, that averaged forty-six and one-fourth bushels per acre.

THE Henry Eagle notes one farmer in that vicinity who has raised a crop of peanuts. There are few things that cannot be grown somewhere in the Territory. The largest and most unprofitable crop this year is the crop of politicians. No failure anywhere is reported.

THOS. WELLS brought to our office Saturday fifteen potatoes which filled a half bushel measure heaping full. He planted six potatoes last spring, and this fall dug three and one-half bushels as the yield of the six potatoes planted. He also brought a quantity of fine, large onions, many of them measuring sixteen inches in circumference.—Lisbon Star.

A. B. STONE, of section 20-134-02, threshed out twenty bushels of wheat and seventy-two bushels of oats per acre. He raised 150 bushels of potatoes from an acre of ground, some of which weigh twenty-two ounces. He had two acres seeded to timothy and clover that looked very promising. Mr. Stone grew strawberries this season that measured three and a half inches in circumference. He has raspberry bushes three feet high; has plum, cherry, apple, box-elder and other trees, growing thriftily.—Fargo Argus.

THE Milnor Teller says of corn-raising in Sargent County in the north: Charles Finch and Green Taylor, Jr., young farmers, called at this office, bringing a bunch of corn of the improved flint variety, the seed of which was shipped from Canada. Mr. Finch says he raised ten acres of corn this year, which will yield more than 100 bushels of ears to the acre. There is no question but that North Dakota can grow as good corn as Illinois or Iowa, providing suitable soil is found, and Sargent and Day counties seem to be especially adapted to corn-growing. The ears Mr. Finch showed us measured from ten and a half inches to thirteen in length. It will not be long until the farmers generally raise corn and hogs, and then the low prices of wheat will not be such a bugbear in the way of prosperity.

THE Cooperstown Courier says: In answer to our call for reports of wheat yields from Griggs County farmers, we have received the following:

Esten Johnson had a yield of 34 bushels per acre, on 100 acres.

The general yield in the county is about 25 bushels to the acre.

On section 5, 146-59, R. C. Cooper threshed, from 120 acres, 4,200 bushels of No. 1 hard.

Peter Cameron reports a wheat yield per acre as follows: ten-acre field, 34; seventeen-acre field, 32; thirty-nine acre field, 26; eleven-acre field, 22.

Ninety acres of S. Goldthrite's wheat averaged 36 bushels per acre; a 25-acre field averaged 44 bushels to the acre. The same land has in previous years raised 110 bushels of oats to the acre.

S. PELTON writes as follows about corn-raising in North Dakota to the Dickinson Press: Mr. E. Hughes' letter, just received from Antelope, informs me that the white flint eight-rowed corn which we planted there May 24, is well matured and Mr. Harndon is putting it up for seed. Stalks well set with ears twelve to fourteen inches long. Mr. H. also says that Mr. Underhill and his party have arrived with five car loads of goods, stock and lumber for their new settlement. Mr. Hughes and the first settlers had fine crops the past season. There is still much good vacant land near Antelope that will probably be taken soon, when we may look for a flourishing young town at that station. The location is good and such energetic men as Mr. Hughes do not neglect good opportunities for advancing their own or their neighborhood interests. This season has established the fact beyond a doubt that all the varieties of corn, dent, will all produce good crops in this country and come to perfect maturity. The three varieties make from the Ree or squaw corn to the white flint and very large crops on sod.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

INJURIOUS ORTHOGRAPHY.

A wandering tribe, called the Sioux,
Wear moccasins, having no shioux.
They are made of buckskin,
With the fleshy side in,
Embroidered with beads of bright lioux.

When out on the war path, the Sioux
March single file—never by tioux—
And by blazing the trees
Can return at their ease,
And the way through the forests ne'er lioux.

All new-fashioned boats he eschlioux,
And uses the birch-bark canlioux;
Those are handy and light,
And, inverted at night,
Give shelter from storms and from dioux.

The principal food of the Sioux
Is Indian maize, which they brioux,
And hominy make.
Or mix them a cake,
And eat it with pork, as they chioux.

Now doesn't this spelling look clouxrious?
'Tis enough to make any one fouxrious!
So a word to the wise:
Pray our language revise,
With orthography not so injiouxrious.

PAYING FOR VALUE RECEIVED.—"How much did Mr. Smith give you at his wedding?" asked a minister's wife of her husband. "Two dollars." "Well, that's a very insignificant sum for a rich man like Mr. Smith to pay for such a service." "It does seem a small amount," he replied, "but you must remember that he has been married before."

THE WAR IN THE EAST.—A telegram from the Chinese Embassy announces that Chow-Chow has been bombarded by the French and that a large army of Chinese laundrymen, under the command Li-Like Theduce, is garrisoned at Too-Lung. This is regarded as an unnecessary precaution, as Admiral Jonnifrenche says that he has no intention of attacking Too-Lung, but will concentrate his efforts on Justlung-Enuf.

Old man—"My son, you don't appear to know any more after your four years at college than you did when you started." Young man—"I was No. 1 in gymnastics." "Gymnastics don't earn bread and butter." "But see what splendid physical health I have. I just tell you what, the gymnastic professor did not let any grass grow under our feet. There's not a young man in the country with such a stock of muscles as I gained at college." "Ah, in that case it is all right. I'll apprentice you to a blacksmith."

"Will you pull the bell?" she asked of a man across the aisle as the car reached the corner. "No, madam," he answered with a bow; "but I will be most happy to pull the strap which rings the bell." "Ah! but never mind! The strap is connected with two bells, and you might stop the wrong end of the car!" And the look she turned upon him was full of triumph veneered with cayenne pepper.—Detroit Free Press.

"For ten years past," said the new boarder, "my habits have been regular as clock-work. I rose on the stroke of six; half an hour later I sat down to breakfast; at seven I was at work; dined at twelve, ate supper at six, and was in bed at 9:30; ate only hearty food, and hadn't a sick day in all that time." "Dear me," said the deacon, in sympathetic tones, "and what were you in for?" And in the awful silence that followed you could hear the hash grate its teeth.—Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I'm a well known man, I'm a New Yorker, and my name is a familiar one to the American people." "Were you a general in the war, stranger?" "No, sir. I fit in the war, but not as a general." "Congressman, perhaps, or governor of some State." "No, sir. I'm not a politician nor a statesman; I'm a private citizen, and proud to say it." "Well, if you are not a great soldier or statesman, what is it that has made your name a familiar one throughout the country? Who are you?" "I'm John Smith."—Drake's Travelers Magazine.

HE WANTED THE MEDICINE.—In a suburban town, where "local option" decreed that a physician's prescription must precede a sale of liquor, a man entered a drug store and called for a pint of whisky. "Have you a prescription?" inquired the druggist. "What's that?" asked the applicant. The law was explained, and the customer rejoined: "Wall, I'm an invalid. Where can I find a doctor?" "I am a physician," suggested the druggist. "You make it out, then," said the invalid. This was done, the whisky put up, and delivered with the gentle words: "A dollar and a half." "Whuffer?" inquired the invalid. "A dollar for the prescription and fifty cents for the whisky." "Wall, I guess I don't care for the 'scription; s'mother feller may want it," said the invalid, as he threw down a half-dollar and escaped.

CYRUS W. FIELD'S OBSERVATIONS.

After his return from his trip through the Northern Pacific belt, Cyrus W. Field talked in this way to a reporter of the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*:

"We have had a most delightful time," he said. "Eighteen days since we left here and not a drop of rain. We have crossed the Rocky Mountains four times, and I think we have seen all there was to be seen. We left here, went west over the Northern Pacific, stopped a time at Helena, went into the National Park, thence to Portland and up to Tacoma and Seattle and into British Columbia, back again to Fargo and to Winnipeg, along the Canadian Pacific just as far as we could go, and then back to Winnipeg and to the eastern extremity of the road to Lake Superior, back to Winnipeg and over the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Road to this city by daylight. We have enjoyed it all immensely. Every facility has been afforded us to see the road and the country. We traveled by special car, and the observation platform was found convenient and enjoyable. I have gathered an immense amount of facts and figures about the roads and the country. Portions of the lines that we traveled over in the night going out we traveled over in the daytime in returning, and so have seen all there was to be seen. I have found both the Northern Pacific and Canadian Pacific built in the most substantial manner—surprisingly good roads, considering their newness—with good road-bed, good bridges, and substantial buildings. All the country they traverse needs is men, women and children. Along the Northern Pacific there isn't a mile of country that doesn't mean an immense carrying trade for the railroad. From here to the Missouri and beyond the country is an agricultural one without a superior. Then comes the grazing lands, and beyond them the mines, and then the agricultural lands of Oregon. Oregon is to be a great State. It is surprising how rapidly it is developing, and the superior class of people that are being attracted to it. Then there are the fisheries on the Pacific Coast. No one can appreciate how large a future the road and the country have before them. Why there is water power out there for a world of industry. The mines, too, are to prove no inconsiderable source of traffic to the road. For instance, one mine that a year ago didn't yield the road one dollar of revenue, now gives it \$600 per day. I saw one flock of sheep consisting of 44,000 head. They had never known a day's shelter except such as heaven gave them, and were not the worse for it. I asked one stockman what it cost him a head to take care of his cattle. He figured it over and told me about a dollar a head a year. Just think of that! He said he had never found it necessary to feed his herds. There was nothing to do but to brand them and turn them loose. They multiply with rapidity and practically care for themselves. The Bad Lands, believed to be worthless, have proven the best of grazing lands, and the hills afford shelter for the cattle when the storms come. The cattle are first to detect the approach of a storm and seek the hills and their protection. I tell our breeders that they can afford to sell their lands at any price, or for no price at all, to people who will go into this country and settle it up. Every person who settles along the line of the road is a feeder to it. The road will be called upon to draw out something for him, and to return something he may produce."

"Then you think the Northern Pacific, as a property, has a future before it?"

"A great future. There can be no question about it. I had been in every State in the Union except Oregon up to this trip, and I had read about the country along the road, but you can't appreciate it by reading about it. I have never been more surprised. There is little in the facts to have warranted the last break in the Northern Pacific stocks. But there was the financial panic of 1873 and the Jay Cooke failure, and they said the Northern Pacific was a bubble. We knew little then of the country it was to traverse, and heard much that was discour-

aging. Then came Villard and his epoch, and they said it was a bubble again. People knew little about it, and were ready to believe it was a bubble. But it isn't anything of the sort. It is a most substantially built road through a wonderfully productive country—a country that is going to make traffic all along its line. All that is wanted now is people. I tell you the political center of this country is yet to be west of the Mississippi.

REMARKABLE LUMINOUS SHRUB.

There is a most remarkable tree or shrub in a small gulch near some springs about twelve miles north of Tuscarora. It is about six or seven feet in height, with a trunk which, at its base, is three times the size of a man's wrist. It has innumerable branches and twigs, and resembles somewhat the barberry tree or bush indigenous to certain localities in the Eastern States. But its only remarkable characteristic is its foliage, which at certain seasons of the year is so luminous that it can be plainly distinguished on the darkest night for a distance of more than a mile, while in its immediate vicinity it emits sufficient light to enable a person to read the finest print. Its foliage is extremely rank, and its leaves resemble somewhat in size, shape and color, those of the aromatic bay tree of California. The luminous property is evidently parasitic, and consists of a sort of gummy substance, which, upon being transferred by rubbing to a person's hand, imparts to it the same apparently phosphorescent light, while that on the leaf entirely disappears. The only reasonable explanation for this phenomenon that we can imagine, is that the leaves possess some quality which either generates or attracts phosphoric matter. The Indians regard it with superstition, and will not approach it even in the day time if they can possibly avoid it. They have a name for it which, literally interpreted, signifies "witch tree." An old Shoshone informed the writer that there were but two others in the entire country, but the closest questioning failed to elicit the slightest information in regard to the localities. He would only shake his head gravely and ejaculate, "bad medicine."—*Tuscarora (Nev.) Times Review*.

A LAND TO RISE IN.

From the Tacoma Ledger.

Many of our citizens will remember Wm. Hemstreet, the Brooklyn stenographer, whose genial manner won him the friendship of a large number during a stay in the city the past summer. He seems to have been equally taken with this country and the people, and in a letter to the New York *Commercial Advertiser* says, among other things, the following:

TACOMA, W. T., Aug. 28, 1884.

This is a land to rise in for all persons—for the man who has only money enough to pay his fare hither, and him who has enough money to take more ease. Labor will find here immediate and lucrative engagement, and money in sums from \$300 upwards the best returns. A rich soil, incoming people, a selected and favorite spot for capitalists, equable climate and every social institution—except snobbery and flunkeyism—perfectly organized. What more can be asked of a new country? And those who have remained here have thrived. The great black stumps, logs, brambles, shanty streets and impenetrable forests have made many homesick and turned them back. But society here, the active part of it, is made up of people from the most refined associations of the East, young men of the best families and names. Sometimes I think the Territory has had a calling of the choice spirits of the East. The prominence in the churches and the Y. M. C. A. of the most active business young men of the towns is a marked feature of society on Puget Sound. The puritanic element of the United States possesses the politics, the business, and the social influences of Washington Territory. It is a State all but the name, and a very patriotic people, too. Local governments, a territorial code, and even party machinery from the ward, town and county up to the territorial system, attest the intellectual activity of the people. No more smart men are needed here. Should the Territory become a State next year there are men enough here to fill all its offices with credit to the nation for the next fifty years. W. H.

ROUNDING UP CATTLE.

From the Omaha Herald.

The busy times are confined to the round-up seasons, of which there are nominally two, although the first, which begins about May 20 and continues until June 1, and the second, commencing some three weeks later and continuing well into August, are so nearly together that they might well be called one season. At these round-ups certain designated men, accompanied by a foreman or captain, start from some given point and travel over all the ranges in their district. They take with them wagons containing supplies sufficient for their probable stay, and the brands of every owner in the district. As the work is very severe upon the horses, especially in "cutting out" from the herd, each man has from six to eight horses, riding one, herding the others and driving them along with the wagons. In active work a horse should be changed every three or four hours, and the rider, when he feels that his animal is exhausted, rides up to the herd, lassoes another, and, quickly changing the saddle, sets his tired horse free. At the round-up all the cattle in the district are gathered together in one vast herd and driven to the rendezvous near the center of the district. The work of identification and branding the calves then begins. The ownership of the calves is ascertained from the brand of the mother, and a similar brand is placed upon the offspring.

It happens, however, that in numerous instances the calves become separated from their mothers, and it is a matter of impossibility to ascertain their owners. These estrays are called "mavericks," and become the joint property of the association of the round-up district in which they are found. These mavericks are, by a rule of the Colorado associations, sold to the highest bidders among their members at the end of the season, and the proceeds paid in the general fund provided for the maintenance of the organization. The receipts thus realized frequently amount to the handsome sum of from \$3,000 to \$5,000 per year in each district. At the second later round-up the same branding process is carried out, and the additional feature of "gathering beef" is added. This consists in selecting such cattle as are in undesirable condition for shipment, and may include all of the different brands. An inventory is made of the cattle so selected and a copy forwarded to the different inspectors and agents along the line of route the cattle will be driven or carried to market, as well as to the parties to whom they are consigned. When the cattle are gathered and the branding of the calves completed, the work of separating the herds begins, and the difficult task of placing the cattle of each brand in separate herds is accomplished. These are then driven to their proper ranges by the herders.

The round-up party, which is in considerable numbers, is generally accompanied by a man or men from each surrounding district and from the adjacent States and Territories, who are furnished with all the brands of their districts or states, and who are present for the purpose of identifying any cattle which may have strayed from the ranges of other districts. Owing to the seeming facility with which this class of property might be stolen, the greatest precautions are taken, of course, to prevent cattle stealing, and to this end the police and inspection service is rendered as nearly perfect as possible. There are employed in Colorado alone upward of thirty stock inspectors or detectives, who are constantly traveling over the State, examining hides in butchering establishments and inspecting brands, especially at shipping points. Their operations, however, are not confined to this State alone, but extend to all points whence cattle are shipped. Some are stationed at Kansas City, Omaha, Pacific Junction on the Burlington and Missouri, and other points on the routes to market. These men exercise the right to examine all manifests and compare them with the brands of the cattle shipped and also with lists which they have with them.

If they discover in the shipment different brands from those on the manifests, they cause the arrest of the shipper if they believe the animals stolen; otherwise they demand and receive payment for the strange brands, and turn over the amounts so received to the proper owners, so that with an honest enforcement of this rule cattle stealing is next to impossible.

DEAD IN THE GRAVE HE DUG.

Correspondence New York Sun.

EAGLE CITY, Idaho.—Old Jim Beatty came in here with the big rush last spring. He was out of money when he got into camp, and, as he could not pick up gold in the streets, he went crazy. His insanity was of the harmless kind. He was quiet, and never troublesome. Sometimes he seemed to forget to eat. All the other unfortunates were always hungry. Whether flour was \$10 or \$100 a barrel made no difference. They had to be fed. Old Jim would go around looking pale and weak, with his joints working loosely and his clothes daily growing too big for him, but he never asked for anything. It was known that he had nothing, and that he was not right in the head, but everybody took it for granted that somebody else was feeding him.

One day several of the men were discussing the best means of ridding the camp of the beats when a bystander said they had better not touch old Jim. He did no harm, and he never asked for grub. It was agreed that he should not be molested. Then somebody expressed a curiosity to know how and where he got his meals. No one in the crowd knew anything about him. One of the men said he would make it a point to find out. Perhaps the old fellow was starving. Just then old Jim came along, walking feebly, and looking weary and haggard. One of the boys asked him if he was hungry, and he went off into a long and weird story about a discovery that he had made. The boys gathered around him and listened, plying him with questions occasionally.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I've got a claim up the creek here a ways that will make us all rich. I haven't said anything about it, for I wanted to make sure. I dreamed it all out one night when I was asleep on the mountain. It came to me just as plain as anything. I know there's gold there, and I want to get you boys to help me a little with it and we'll divide. There's a mountain of it with just a crust of rock on the outside. If I can get through the crust that is all I want. I'll run tunnels all through it and you can help yourselves."

"Touched," said one of the boys, pointing to his own head, and the rest of the crowd nodded.

"I've located it all," said old Jim slowly, "but I can't seem to do much work on it. I'm getting too old. Can't you help me a bit?"

The old man appeared to be almost gone, and one of the men handed him a flask of liquor, of which he partook sparingly. Then another offered some bread and he devoured it with wolfish avidity.

"It's a shame to let an old timer like Jim starve in that way," observed a young and stalwart prospector. "Let's fill him up."

They took him to a cabin near by and made him a meal, and when he had slept a while they gave him more to eat. Then they told him to come there when he was hungry and they would see about his mine. Two or three days later a party of them went with him to his gold mountain, as he called it. It was just like thousands of others, with no more sign of gold in its composition than of diamonds. But they humored him with his notion. They fed him and gave him strength, and told him to dig away. They would help him after a while.

Every day the old man would set out to his work with some cheery remark. He had got almost to the gold. One or two days more would reveal it. Then he began to bring home handfuls of earth and rock and gravel to be examined. The boys looked at the stuff patiently and said it appeared promising. After a while he grew discouraged and said they would have to help him. He knew it was there, but he feared he could not reach it. A day was set on which two of the men were to go with him and see what he had accomplished. This satisfied him, and he started out happy. That night he failed to appear. The next day came and went without him, and the men began to wonder where he was. On the third day two of them volunteered to go out and search for him. They found the place at last where

he had been digging. A cave-in had occurred, and old Jim was in there beyond a doubt. They got others to help them, and after a little patient digging they came upon the old fellow's body. He had been killed in his first drift.

Funerals are expensive in this country, and none too elegant at best. It was agreed that a funeral would do him no good. They left him in the hole he had dug, covering it up once more, and on a big stone which was rolled in place on the mountain side they scratched the inscription: "Old Jim Beatty's mine."

DAKOTA LEADS THE VAN.

The clerks in the general land office are rapidly completing the statistics which will go to make up the annual report of the commissioner. They have just finished a comparative statement of the area of original and final homestead entries for 1883 and 1884. From this statement it appears the number of original entries this year was 340,404 acres less than it was last, when the area of final homesteads was 441,160 acres greater. The area of original homesteads for 1884 being 7,831,509, and of final homesteads 2,945,574. The area of original and final homesteads by States and Territories for 1884 is as follows:

| | Original Homesteads. | Final Homesteads. |
|---------------------------|----------------------|-------------------|
| Alabama..... | 284,996 | 131,955 |
| Arizona..... | 14,762 | 4,534 |
| Arkansas..... | 273,167 | 135,067 |
| California..... | 427,701 | 159,577 |
| Colorado..... | 198,394 | 64,308 |
| Dakota..... | 2,161,267 | 397,817 |
| Florida..... | 286,613 | 68,812 |
| Idaho..... | 118,071 | 32,912 |
| Illinois..... | 184,000 | |
| Indiana..... | 40,000 | |
| Iowa..... | 2,293 | 3,618 |
| Kansas..... | 513,760 | 698,271 |
| Louisiana..... | 145,619 | 21,975 |
| Michigan..... | 71,556 | 69,588 |
| Minnesota..... | 444,358 | 303,339 |
| Mississippi..... | 148,936 | 34,443 |
| Missouri..... | 320,649 | 36,514 |
| Montana..... | 81,812 | 18,526 |
| Nebraska..... | 1,362,186 | 375,128 |
| Nevada..... | 2,079 | 4,514 |
| New Mexico..... | 78,528 | 40,215 |
| Oregon..... | 233,148 | 77,285 |
| Utah..... | 40,691 | 57,222 |
| Washington Territory..... | 419,365 | 115,370 |
| Wisconsin..... | 133,241 | 96,938 |
| Wyoming..... | 44,153 | 7,530 |

It will be seen that in original entries Dakota ranks first, Nebraska second, Kansas third, Minnesota fourth and Washington fifth; while in final Kansas ranks first, Dakota second, Nebraska third, Minnesota fourth and California fifth. In Minnesota there were 12,485 acres more of original homestead entries than in 1883, and 17,101 more acres of final homesteads. In Dakota there was a decrease of 1,276,118 acres of original entries, but an increase of 132,973 acres of final entries. In Iowa there was an increase of 310 acres original entries, and a decrease of 1,448 acres of final entries. In Wisconsin the increase in original entries was 96,938 acres, in final entries 24,026 acres. — *Washington Special.*

THE MILK RIVER COUNTRY.

We have frequently mentioned of late the wonderful fertility of the Milk River country. A gentleman who has just returned from that region expresses the firm belief that it is a peculiarly favored section, and beyond question the finest agricultural land in Montana. This seems to be the general impression. The restrictions which now prevent people from locating there will soon be removed, for Congress can hardly ignore the wishes of the people in this matter. The Indians have no use for the land; in fact, they have so expressed themselves. They only wish the assistance of the general government to enable them to become self-supporting. They fully realize the fact that they cannot exist unless they work, and they seem to be willing to do this. The Government is furnishing them agricultural implements, and they are fast learning their use. In view of these facts and the possibility of the early opening of the reservation, new comers seeking homes will soon have an immense tract of unexcelled agricultural land from which to select their homesteads. — *Fort Benton River Press.*

TRADE AND FINANCE.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Oct. 24, 1884.

During the month of October money has been in active demand, not only for ordinary commercial requirements, but also for the movement of grain, etc. Notwithstanding the low prices, wheat is moving freely, and the demand upon the banks is heavy. Country merchants are doing some collecting of outstanding accounts, and our jobbers are feeling the benefit of this in their collections. There has been a steady demand for loans, and the bank rates are firm at 8 to 10 per cent. The wholesale trade, which has been far larger this year than ever before, has been well sustained this fall, although not as active as was hoped for. In dry goods trade has been very backward in certain lines, owing to the unusually warm weather during October, but the demand is now being felt. Groceries are fairly active, sugars having advanced $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ cents on all grades. Drugs are steady, and an excellent and widely extended trade is being done. The hardware trade is steady, and in certain lines active.

Collections are improving, as before indicated, and the condition of general business is fairly satisfactory, with some very hopeful indications for the immediate future. The depression of the grain trade in the East has had a marked effect on our local markets, and business has been dull. The receipts have been fair, and there has been a moderate amount shipped to Milwaukee and Chicago. During the past week the local market has declined about 2 cents, but there is now a feeling of more strength, and a rise in prices is expected. Corn has been dull and the supply sufficient. Oats in light supply and in moderate demand. The demand for baled hay is stronger, timothy being scarce and higher. Barley dull. Rye steady. Potatoes steady; the supply is large, as also is the demand.

The following quotations show present prices in St. Paul market:

WHEAT—No. 1 hard, 73c bid cash; 74c bid November; 82c bid May; No. 1, 62c bid cash; No. 2 hard, 68c bid cash; No. 2 58c bid cash.

CORN—No. 2, neglected; No. 3, 47c bid cash. OATS—No. 2 mixed, 24c bid cash, November and December; 24c bid year, 25c asked; No. 2 white, 25c bid cash; No. 3 white, 24c bid cash.

BARLEY—No. 2, 55c bid cash and November; No. 3 extra, 45c bid cash; No. 3, 40c bid cash.

RYE—No. 3, 43c bid cash.

MILLSTUFFS—Ground feed, \$17 bid cash, \$18 asked; bran, \$6.50 bid cash.

HAY—Baled, \$8 bid cash, \$8.50 asked; timothy, \$10.50 bid cash.

SEEDS—Flax, \$1.17 bid cash; timothy, \$1.20 bid cash, \$1.30 asked.

POTATOES—20c bid cash, 25c asked.

BUTTER—Good to fair creameries, 25@30c; fancy ditto, 30c @32c; fancy dairy, 18@22c; choice ditto, 14@17c; shipping, 6@9c.

EGGS—19c bid cash, 20c asked.

FRUITS—Coconuts, per 100, \$1.50@5. Dates, 7@8c per lb. Figs, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ c per lb. Lemons, \$5@5.50 per box. Apples, choice to fancy, \$2@3 per bbl; fair to good, \$2.50@2.50. German prunes, \$2@2.25 per box. California pears, \$3.50@4 per box. Baltimore peaches, \$1@1.25 per basket. California plums, \$2 per box. Bananas, \$2@3 per bunch, according to size. Grapes—Concord, 6 @9c per lb; California Muscat, 20c per lb. Oregon peach plums, \$2 per box. Cranberries, \$2.75@3 or bu, \$10@11 per bbl.

FISH—Steady; trout, whitefish and pike, 7c; halibut, 18@20c; cod, 12c; cod steak, 12@15c; mackerel, 17@20c; lobsters, 20c; salmon, 15@18c; brook trout, 30c; smoked sturgeon, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ c per lb.

DRESSED MEATS—Extra choice steers, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ @9c per lb; choice steers, 8@8 $\frac{1}{2}$ c; cows and heifers, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ @7c; hogs, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ @6c; mutton, 7c; lamb, 8c; veal, average 90 to 120 lbs, \$10@10.50 per 100 lb; heavy, \$8@7 per 100 lb.

HIDES—Green hides, 6c per lb; green salted, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ @8c; dry salted, 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ @10c; long-haired kip, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ @7c; veal kips, 8c; green calf, 10c; dry calfskin, 12@12 $\frac{1}{2}$ c; dry flint hides, 12c; damaged, one-third off; lamb skins, 30c each; shearings, 15@20c.

POULTRY AND GAME—Chickens, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ @14c per lb; live hens, 50@60c per pair; turkeys, dressed, 10@12c per lb; prairie chickens, \$2.50@3 per doz; mallard ducks, \$2.25@2.75 per doz; teal \$1 per doz; tame ducks, dressed, 14@15c per lb.

PROVISIONS—Mess pork, \$16.50@17 per bbl; hams, 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ @c; bacon, clear, 9@9 $\frac{1}{2}$ c; shoulders, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ @8c; tierce lard, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ @c; keg lard, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ @c; wooden pails, 20 lbs, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ @c; pails, 3 lbs, tin, 8c; 5 lbs, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ @c; 10 lbs, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ @c. Mess beef, \$10@10.50; do extra, \$12; dried beef, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ @13c per lb. Corn beef, 2-lb cans, \$2.75@3 per doz. Provisions in carlots a shade off from above.

FALLOW—Prime, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ @5 $\frac{1}{2}$ c per lb; No. 2, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ @4 $\frac{1}{2}$ c.

WOOL—Market steady; unwashed, 14@15c; washed, 18@20c.

LUMBER—The shipments of lumber from St. Paul have been heavy during October. Bills are being filed for winter building enterprises in the larger cities. Traveling salesmen report that notwithstanding the amount of lumber that has been shipped to the southwestern country, stocks have not accumulated, so the outlook for a good business in that direction is anticipated.

The Pillsbury A mill made during the past twenty-four hours 6,197 barrels of flour. The mill has been making over 5,000 barrels daily for several weeks, but has never before been crowded to its full capacity. Monday night the men opened the two enormous water wheels wide open, with the above result. The flour made fifty car loads. — *Minneapolis Tribune, Oct. 22.*

MONTHLY REVIEW OF THE WHEAT MARKET.

[PREPARED FOR THE NORTHWEST.]

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 27, 1884.

The main feature of the markets the present month is the extremely low price to which wheat has gone. At one time No. 1 hard wheat sold at 71 cents, the lowest price ever known in this market. At New York the price of wheat touched its lowest point known for over 100 years. The Eastern markets have been depressed and constantly going lower ever since the movement of the new crop began, and the effect has been felt in the local markets. Duluth has followed Minneapolis although the range of prices are usually from one to two cents higher. The receipts at this point have been very large until within the past week, when a decided falling off took place. This falling off is attributed in part to the very low prices paid in the country, and to the fact that those farmers who were compelled to dispose of their wheat as soon as threshed to meet pressing obligations, are now through selling. The wheat now to come is held by farmers who are able to control it, and keep it in their bins until prices suit them better. The receipts for the first week in October were 1,035,000 bushels; the second week 1,008,000 and the third week 1,138,000. This week the receipts will be reduced by probably 200,000 bushels, but the total for the month will not fall far short of 4,500,000. The receipts at Duluth have also been very large, though not as heavy as at Minneapolis. Mr. Barnes, president of the Northern Pacific Elevator Company, says his company had taken in at all its houses in Minnesota and Dakota, up to the 15th inst. no less than 2,372,000 bushels of wheat. This is about ten per cent of the entire crop of Dakota. Last year, at this time, the aggregate receipts at the same elevators were 1,700,000 bushels. Their shipments to Duluth this season to the 15th have amounted to 1,800,000 bushels and for the same period last year they were not more than 960,000. The same is relatively true of nearly all the other elevator companies in the Northwest, and shows conclusively that the

FARMERS HAVE BEEN SELLING

their wheat in spite of their protests in the early part of the season that they would not accept the low prices then prevailing.

Every drop in the market seemed to terrify them, and the rush to sell became greater at every succeeding decline until all the forced sales were made, when there came a slight breathing spell. Up to the 21st there was no diminution in receipts, but since then elevator men say farmers' deliveries have dropped off fully fifty per cent. The Millers Association received more wheat in one week ending the 15th than ever before, and so great was the rush that orders were given not to ship any more to Minneapolis for a time. When prices reached 71½ cents here the Millers Association increased their efforts to buy, and it is said they now have a load as large as they carried last year at this time. The amount of money sent out by the association daily about that time was enormous—often reaching \$300,000 a day. They evidently believe that the bottom has been reached, and prudently resolved to make hay while the sun shines. The turning point or first check to the downward course of prices came early last week. Since then the market has assumed a stronger tone, and there has been good buying at an advance of about two cents from the lowest prices. The Eastern markets are also stronger. The highest and lowest prices of wheat in this market during the present month are as follows:

| | Highest. | Lowest. | Highest Oct. 15, 1883. |
|--------------------|----------|---------|------------------------|
| No. 1 Hard..... | 80c. | 71½ | \$1.01 |
| No. 2 Hard..... | 75c. | 68 | 97 |
| No. 1 Regular..... | 72c. | 62 | 91 |
| No. 2 Regular..... | 66c. | 58 | 85 |

The above figures show the difference in prices now and a year ago to be 29½ cents, an appalling shrinkage. While there is more strength in the markets at present, the outlook for much higher prices is not

encouraging. If farmers continue to hold their wheat, there may be a temporary rise of a few cents per bushel, but with practically no market abroad and an enormous supply at home, it is not probable that the advance will be great or lasting. About the only hope the farmers of the Northwest now have of disposing of their wheat at better prices than are now prevailing, is to hold it until the scarcity causes a spasmodic advance, and unload by slow degrees. When the increasing supplies break prices, then stop selling and wait for another advance.

THE handsome typographical appearance of THE NORTHWEST is frequently commended by its readers. These compliments we ought in fairness to pass along to the St. Paul Pioneer Press establishment, where the paper is printed. It is the largest and most completely equipped printing concern northwest of Chicago, and is managed by men who are masters of an art which requires for its best results artistic taste as well as mechanical skill. A good printer, like a poet,

is born, not made. He must be quick, dextrous, accurate and intelligent, and he must have a ready eye for graceful lines and arrangements. We may add that he must be in love with his trade and regard it as the noblest of the arts because it teaches and preserves all others.

PREPARED FOR THE GRACE.—Colonel Bumgardner attended a wedding about six miles from Atlanta one day last week, and, as usual, caught on early to the little brown jug. By the time supper was announced he was in his best humor and in fine appetite. He got the first seat at the table, and began to help himself at once, while the others decorously waited. The parson eyed Bum's assault upon the victuals with ire, and sternly remarked:

"Brother Bumgardner, on these occasions we usually say a few words before eating."

Bum looked up blandly, and replied:

"All right, parson; say whatever you dang please—you can't turn my stomach!"

There was an explosion of laughter that rattled the dishes, and the blessing was unceremoniously cut out of the programme.—Georgia Cracker.

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NORTHWESTERN NOTES.

RATHDEUM, Idaho, was almost wholly destroyed by an incendiary fire on the 27th ult.

THE Northern Pacific Elevator Company has handled 75,000 bushels of wheat daily since the harvest.

THE Manitoba road has the price of wheat at Duluth and Minneapolis posted every night at the stations along its lines.

IPSWICH, Dakota, is holding out large inducements for some one to establish a flouring mill at that thriving and ambitious young city.

MANY warehouses are being erected by the farmers of Dakota, who propose to handle and ship their own grain, doing away with the middle men, and thereby securing the larger profits.

TWO new hotels, the Metropolitan and the Klaus, both large structures, have recently been opened in Jamestown, Dakota, and are the newest evidences of the prosperity of the place.

THE Northern Pacific Express Company has extended its express facilities over the route of the new Medora Stage Company, from Medora, Dak., and opened an office at Deadwood.

TRACK-laying is now in progress on the extension of the Jamestown & Northern Railroad to Minnewaukan at the west end of Devils Lake. The Dakota papers predict a big boom for Minnewaukan next spring.

A LEDGE of pure marble has been found on the Columbia River, near the mouth of Spokane River. It is pure white and blue mottled, and will undoubtedly be very valuable. The finders were led to the discovery by notes made by Lewis and Clarke something near forty years ago.

THERE are about 5,000 people in the Cœur d'Alene mines now who disburse nearly \$100,000 per month. There are three parties engaged in buying dust and they send out about 8,000 ounces per week. This goes principally to Helena, Montana.

THE La Foon (Dakota) *Record* says of the girls who hold claims in that section: Miss Lou Person is doing the plowing on her claim with a sulky plow and the Page girls are putting up hay on their land. Verily, the girls do hold down their claims as well as most of the men and better than some of them.

A CAVE has been discovered about twenty miles from Stanton, Mercer County, Dakota, in which was found a hideous looking idol carved out of cedar, four skeletons, copper spear heads, a small cutlass, implements of copper, and a stone mill for grinding, such as were used in ancient Egypt and parts of Asia.

THE Billings (Mont.) *Herald* says: The building operations in the district which was burnt in block 110 are beginning to assume large proportions; four large brick buildings are now under way, two have been completed and another is all finished but the inside work, three more are contemplated and will doubtless be built this season or early next.

MILNOR, the metropolis of Sargent County, Dakota, has a ten-page newspaper and no church edifice of any sort. The *Free Press* says: Certainly a church would be a great credit to our town, in fact, it is almost if not quite a disgrace that we have not already an edifice of this kind. Some of the ladies have bought a lot for a church, and there is ample ability there to build one.

SOME of the counties in Dakota pay five cents a tail for gophers. An exchange relates that in La Moure they pass as currency. A man goes into a saloon and

for his drink throws on the counter gopher tails. When the drawer is full they are taken to the county office and redeemed or paid out. It looks a little novel in church to see the gopher narratives going into the contribution boxes.

THE Widow boys are in high feather to-day. Up to noon they had already picked up about \$120 worth of nuggets, ranging from fifty cents to twenty dollars in size. The pit that is yielding this liberal supply is on the rimrock near the mouth of Gold Run. The bedrock appears to be lined with gold, and the clean-up from the present workings will undoubtedly be one of the largest made on Prichard.—*Murryville (Coeur d'Alene) Sun*, October 13.

ASIDE from the mineral wealth of the Little Rockies and the Bear's Paw Mountains, now on the Indian reservation, there is a wonderfully rich tract of farming lands, and many a would-be settler has located in his mind just the place he will secure when the reservation bill becomes a law. Parties who have returned from this section describe it as the finest agricultural land in Montana, and before many months have passed away the country will be settled up by thrifty and industrious farmers and stockmen. *Fort Benton (Montana) River Press*.

THE steady increase in the business of the Northern Pacific Railroad, at a time when nearly every other road in the country shows a decrease, is noteworthy evidence of the value of its traffic and of the thrift and prosperity of the country along its line. The earnings for October promise to exceed \$1,500,000, and to be the largest in the history of the road. The increase is partly attributable to the heavy live stock shipments, and partly to the large shipments of grain to Duluth, made this month, in anticipation of the closing of lake navigation.—*Pioneer Press, St. Paul*.

IF the estimates which give the world a surplus of but 10,000,000 bushels over actual consumptive requirements for the current crop year, are correct, the bulls will have things all their own way next year. Wheat is now so low that the usual economy in its use is not being practiced anywhere. This being the fact, it is plain that with English and Western farmers feeding it to stock, and other people careless about handling and using it, the 10,000,000 surplus will fail to materialize when the year is gone.—*Minneapolis Miller*.

MR. EZRA MEEKER, of Puyallup, W. T., stated recently that the average yield of hops would aggregate 2,000 pounds to the acre. He also stated that a yard owned by his brother had yielded two tons to the acre. The delay in picking this year was owing to the immense yield. Mr. Meeker states that some 500,000 pounds will be lost owing to the scarcity of pickers. The great and abundant yield was scarcely anticipated, and hence the number of pickers requisite was not engaged. Mr. Meeker will ship upwards of 400,000 pounds from his own yard.

A PROMINENT flour expert from New York City, president of the Millers' Exchange Board, was in Casselton last week and inspected some of the superb brands of flour manufactured by the Casselton Roller Mills, stating it was the best flour he had ever examined and requested that samples of the same be forwarded to him at New York City by express and he would have them made into bread and exhibited on the board, which was accordingly done. This is a flattering compliment to wheat grown in this section and manufactured into flour at this point.—*Casselton (Dakota) Reporter*.

PROBABLY never before have the cattle-raisers of the West been in better spirits than during the present season. Prices in some cases may not be quite so high at present, nor the profits be anything in excess of other years, but still there seems to prevail a good healthy feeling of satisfaction, all things considered. True the fall trade is attended with some drawbacks, as will always be the case in this or any other line of business, but up to date the receipts of cattle at Chicago and other points have been moderate, and this has had a tendency to keep the market steady. In no case have shippers been compelled to sell at losing figures on account of the market being

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glutted or over supplied, and if receipts at the market centers continue in the same moderate figures that have characterized them thus far, there can indeed be no cause for complaint.—*Northwestern Live Stock Journal*.

L. H. BOWMASTER, of Youngstown, Ohio, returned to Fargo last evening after a two months' trip over North Dakota. He has decided to settle in La Moure County and has purchased section 19, township 134, range 59, and secured the refusal of five other sections for friends East. Mr. Bowmaster states that there are seventy-five families in his vicinity who deputized him to make this trip and report, and now he declares the only trouble will be that he will not be able to make them believe that land can be one-half as productive as that of Dakota is. To corroborate his reports he has sent by express a turnip weighing thirty-seven pounds, a beet sixteen inches in diameter, potatoes large enough to be called pumpkins elsewhere, and other things in proportion. Mr. Bowmaster says he goes East more than satisfied and will be back with a large colony at the earliest possible date in the spring.—*Fargo Argus*.

Chicago *Tribune* says: The Northern Pacific has the only route across the continent which in the days before the invasion of the white man was tenanted all the way by the Indians and game. That tells the story of its habitability better than any array of statistics. No one who has not traversed the plains and valleys of the Northern Pacific has the least idea of the stimulating quality of the salubrious atmosphere, the fertility of the soil, the wealth of mine and forest, which all the way encourage and repay the energy of the colonist. A country that raises all crops but one will not want for population, and a region which, like Minnesota and Dakota, gives more sunlight in a year than any other in the country, will charge that population with vitality full enough to raise more crops than an ordinary man knows the names of. The "period of snow blockades" has practically no existence on the Northern Pacific. The climate grows warmer as the road goes west. Every hundred miles west of St. Paul is equal to fifty miles south. The road crosses the mountains at levels so low that snow-storms like those which blockade the other roads are unknown. The proof of this is that there are no snow-sheds on the line.

NEW RAILROAD DEEDS.—The new forms of deeds for lands sold by the Northern Pacific Railroad have been received at the office of the general land agent in this city. It is a clean cut warranty deed without any reservations whatsoever. However, should the tract sold adjoin the main line or branches, a deed will be given containing a right of way reservation of 400 feet for any other branch or railroad operated, in whole or part, by the Northern Pacific. By its charter the Northern Pacific Railroad Company has a right of way of 400 feet over all lands which belonged to the public domain at the time of the passage of the granting act, namely, July 2, 1864, and the government grants to all other railroads a free right of way of 200 feet in width over the public lands. It seems only reasonable, therefore, that the Northern Pacific should reserve to itself the same rights and privileges over its own lands which the government has granted over the public lands. It is understood that the present policy of the company is not to sell any of its lands containing coal, but to lease the mining rights upon royalty. All applications for coal leases are passed upon by the board of directors, on reports made by the general land agent and land commissioner.—*Portland Oregonian*.

BUSINESS MATTERS.

THE Northern Pacific Refrigerator Car Company is about to increase its capital from \$200,000 to \$1,500,000. The company will be reorganized and other heavy capitalists taken in besides Marquis de Mores and his father-in-law, L. A. Von Hoffman, of New York, who are now practically the whole company.

MANNING, MAXWELL & MOORE, of 111 Liberty Street, New York, the well-known dealers in railway and machinists' tools and supplies, have issued an illustrated catalogue which is one of the most creditable trade publications we have ever seen. The book contains 660 quarto pages, and every page is illustrated with from one to ten handsome engravings. For the mere enumeration of the articles sold by the firm nine double column pages of index are required. This handsome volume is more than a mere catalogue; it is a cyclopedia of many of the most important branches of American machinery and invention. Its preparation cost the firm many thousands of dollars.

FERGUS FALLS, Minnesota, has paid \$300 for a column letter in the Chicago Times about the business of the place, and is not satisfied with the result. This leads us to remark that the most effective way to present the advantages for immigration and capital of new towns in this region is by means of illustrated articles in THE NORTHWEST, a paper read every month by many thousands of people in the older regions of the country, who are looking for information about openings for settlement and investment. The special mission of our journal is to make as widely known as possible the resources and attractions of all the new Northwestern States and Territories, and their growing towns.

GEORGE B. HULME, receiver of the National Park Improvement Company, said lately to a reporter of the Livingston Enterprise that the travel to the Park this year has been made up almost entirely of either local visitors, from Montana, or of foreign people, Canadian, English or German. From the Eastern States, that would naturally be expected to send the great majority of tourists, there has come but a very small proportion. This he attributed mostly to the dull times. The Eastern summer resorts had suffered greatly from the depression, and many summer hotels that had flourished in past years, were closed up this summer or autumn by sheriffs. Mr. Hulme believed he saw a way to make the business pay handsomely another summer, though he hoped he would be relieved of the charge before that time.

THE success of the Babcock & Wilcox water tube boilers, using blast furnace waste gas as fuel, at the Lucy Furnaces, Pittsburgh, Pa., is leading to other trade in this direction. Sales have recently been made to blast furnaces as follows:

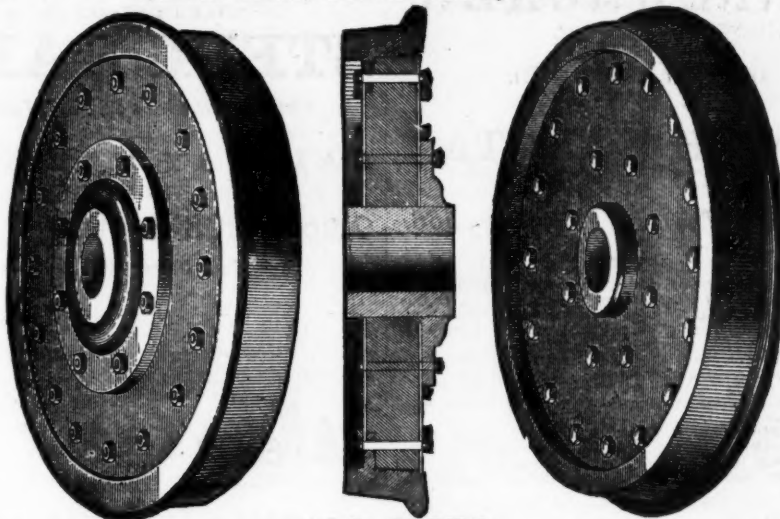
| | |
|--|------------------|
| Pottsville Iron and Steel Co., Pottsville, Pa. | 150 horse power. |
| Woodward Iron Co., Wheeling, Ala. | 292 " " |
| McCormick & Co., Harrisburg, Pa.,—Paxton | " " |
| Furnaces | 416 " " |
| Loehel Rolling Mill Co., Harrisburg, Pa. | 416 " " |
| Total | 1,274 " " |

The following is a list of other sales made by the Babcock & Wilcox Co. within the last sixty days:

| | |
|--|--------------------|
| H. I. Kimball House Co., Atlanta, Ga. | 122 horse power. |
| Woodland Fire Brick Co., Woodland, Clearfield Co., Pa. | 92 " " |
| Cl., St. Louis & Pittsburgh R. R., Indianapolis, Ind. | 146 " " |
| Louis. Sugar Refinery Co., New Orleans, La. | 240 " " |
| Williamsburgh Gas Light Co., Brooklyn, E. D. | 164 " " |
| Pratt Manufacturing Co., Brooklyn, E. D. | 308 " " |
| Colwell Bros., N.Y. City, for export to Mexico. | 122 " " |
| New Orleans Cotton Exposition, New Orleans, La. | 636 " " |
| Leonard Bros., Plymouth, Pa. | 15 " " |
| C. Beynaud, N.Y. City, for Ing'o Santa Maria, Cuba. | 73 " " |
| Ohio Edison Electric Installation Co., for Midletown, O. | 12 " " |
| Oliver & Roberts Wire Co., Pittsburgh, Pa. | 416 " " |
| McCormick Harvesting Machine Co., Chicago, Ill. | 480 " " |
| Sperry Electric Light Co., Omaha, Neb. | 120 " " |
| Walter Aiken, Franklin Falls, N.H. | 30 " " |
| A. M. McNeal, Burlington, N.J. | 104 " " |
| Lombard, Ayres & Co., Constable Hook, N. J. | 208 " " |
| Susquehanna Water Power and Paper Co., Conowingo, Md. | 164 " " |
| Brooklyn Sugar Refining Co., Brooklyn, E. D. | 1464 " " |
| American Bank Note Co., New York City | 240 " " |
| U. S. Naval Training Station, Newport, R. I. | 122 " " |
| Recapitulation: | 2,778 |
| Blast furnace sales | 1,274 horse power. |
| Other sales | 5,278 " " |
| Total | 6,552 " " |

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At Minnewauken there is a good steamboat landing with two steamboats making regular trips between it and Fort Totten, and points on the eastern end of the lake, and a gravelly beach making delightful drives for tourist and health seekers.

Minnewauken is ninety miles north of Jamestown, midway between the Northern Pacific railroad and the International boundary will be the Division headquarters, and the only town on the Northern Pacific Railroad located on Devil's Lake.

The famous Mouse River and Turtle Mountain country is more directly tributary to it than to any other railroad town, and the immense emigration to all the country west and northwest of Devil's Lake must pass through this town and make it their supply point and market for years.

The surrounding country is a fertile, undulating prairie, rich, deep soil, abundantly productive, meandered by streams and dotted with lakes. No equal opportunity exists in the whole West for the selection of a home as is offered by this rapidly-settling country, tributary to Minnewauken.

All branches of business are open and no fairly intelligent and industrious business man can fail to build up a lucrative business.

The moderate prices at which we offer lots in Minnewauken insures the investor large profits. No other town in North Dakota of equal prominence has been placed in the market.

The town is jointly owned by the Northern Pacific Railroad company and a syndicate, who will both show their confidence in the town by making substantial improvements.

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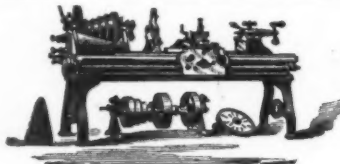
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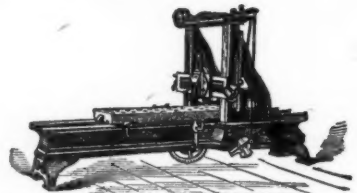
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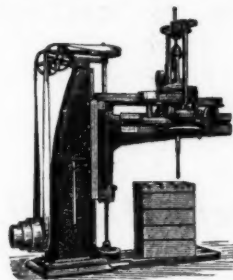
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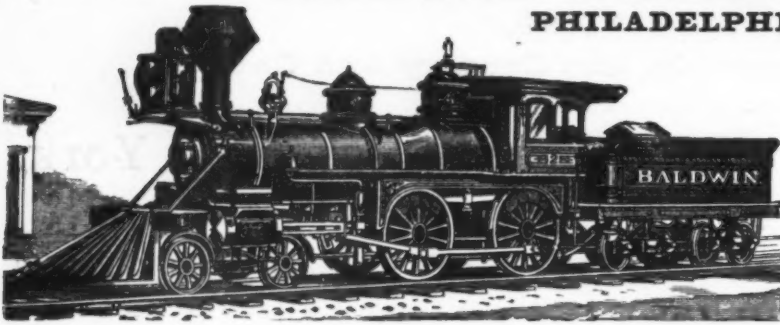
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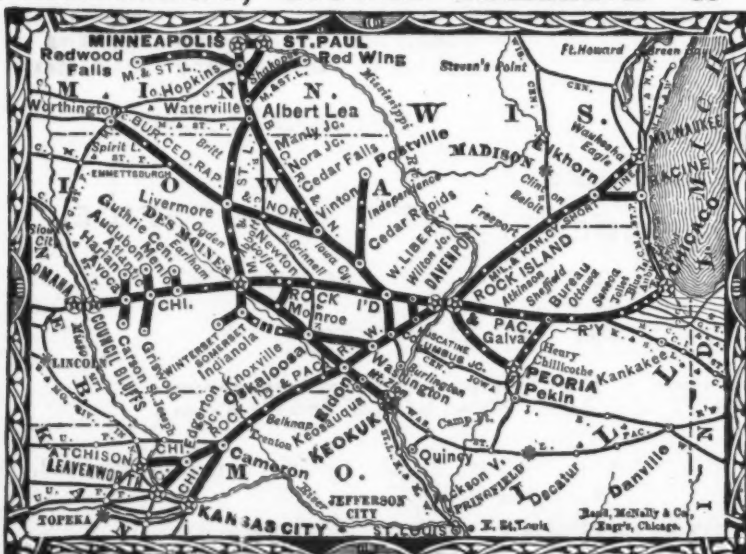
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